

The Acadia  
Athenæum



Vol. xxxvi

June, 1910

No. 8

# Acadia University

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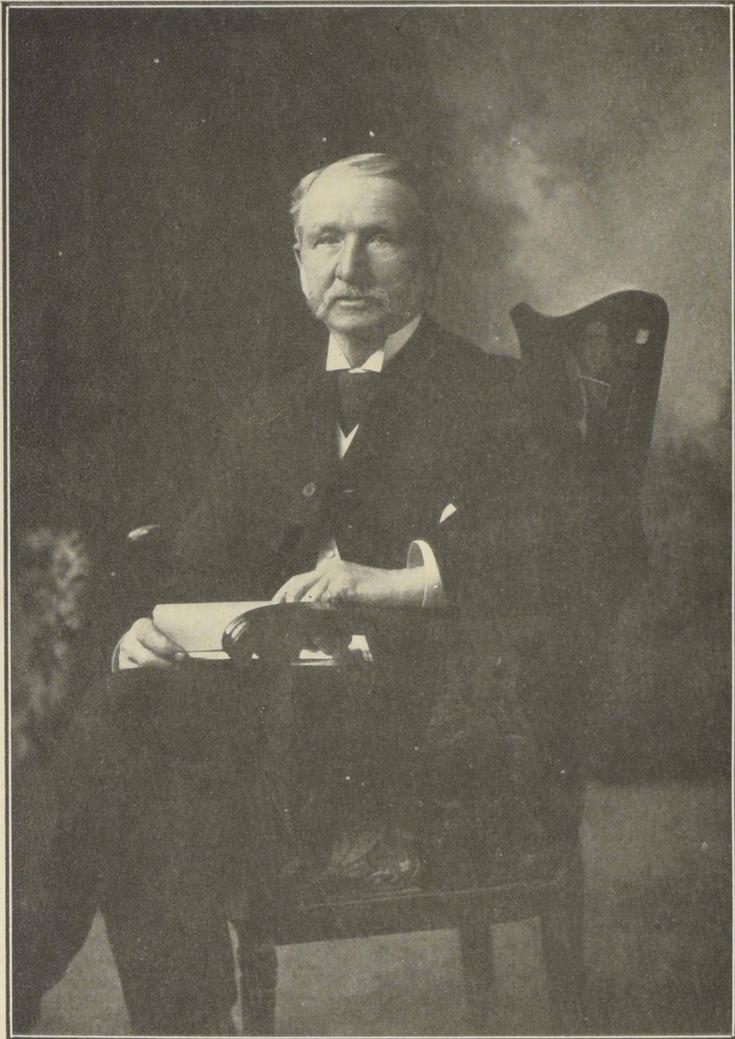


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ROBERT VONCLURE JONES, M.A., Ph.D. *Graham-Wolfville*

Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages  
whose jubilee was celebrated during  
the Anniversary Week

# The Acadia Athenæum

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JUNE, 1910

No. 8

## To Professor R. V. Jones.



WHAT art thou like, O ageless friend of youth?  
The immemorial mountain's unworn front?  
The cliff's calm poise 'mid wild torrential  
rains,  
Or the pond'rous rocks defying ocean's  
brunt?

Not these, not these, but, warm and still  
The pleasant valley green beneath the hill.

What art thou like, O cherry friend of youth?  
The blue skies laughing o'er a wintry earth?—  
The wind, in gales of roguish merriment,  
Romping with clouds that puff in soundless mirth?  
Rather, with sunshine over wood and rill,  
The valley smiling ever 'neath the hill.

What art thou like, O tireless friend of youth?—  
The ocean-tides' ne'er ceasing flow and fret?—  
A sea-bird high upon triumphant wing?  
A ship with helm to a far harbor set?  
Nay, but we gazing wand'ers feel the thrill  
Of the home valley smiling 'neath the hill.

*M. B. Bishop.*

## Fifty Years of Service

**P**ROFESSOR R. V. Jones, Ph. D. the respected and beloved professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Acadia University, has just completed fifty years of continuous service on the Teaching Staff of the School here. His Jubilee was celebrated during the recent Anniversary Meetings at Wolfville. He has had a notable career. Born at Pownal P.E.I. June twenty-fifth, 1835, he is now, at seventy-five years of age, still able to carry forward his class work with surprising vigor and efficiency. Having received his preparatory training at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and at Horton Collegiate Academy, he subsequently entered Acadia College in the Class of 1860, and graduated in due course receiving the B. A. degree.

The record of this class of 1860 has been in many respects, a remarkable one. It developed chiefly, doctors and lawyers who, unlike those mentioned in the Bible have ministered to the public, outside of the pulpit. Four members of the class, including Dr. Jones, secured well-earned reputations as Professors and teachers; three became successful lawyers; two studied medicine; while one only, the late Edward Hickson, became a preacher of the gospel. They have all been preachers, however, for "no man liveth unto himself." Dr. Jones entered upon his life work in connection with the schools, here, immediately after graduating, having accepted the position of second master in Horton Collegiate Academy. He held this position three years, and wrought successfully. On the retirement of Professor DeMille, who accepted a professorship in Dalhousie University, 1864, Dr. Jones was offered a position as Instructor in the College, and, in the following year, became professor of the Greek and Latin languages in Acadia University. This may be regarded as the beginning of his most successful career. The true teacher like the true preacher must, of necessity, give little thought to the acquisition of wealth. According to ordinary business standards, therefore, he is always a failure. His calling demands a service of unselfish devotion. His thought must ever be, how can I help the student to make

the most of himself? Judged by this standard Dr. Jones was a genuine teacher. "I always liked Jones" said one who studied under him, and who has since, as an active politician, had large experience of men, "his modesty and helpfulness and quiet humor were very captivating." His teaching was uplifting and inspiring. Without "wearing his heart upon his sleeve" he was genial and sympathetic, ever ready to respond to the students need. This sympathy with those to whom he ministered, and his native ready wit attracted students to him and won their hearts. Being an earnest Christian, moreover, his class room was sensibly pervaded by a warm Christian atmosphere which, consciously or, in some cases, perhaps, unconsciously strongly influenced for good those who sat under his instruction. Many strong men, and efficient teachers have wrought by his side from time to time, at Acadia during his fifty years of faithful service, but few of them have been more successful than Dr. Jones commanding the student's respect and winning his confidence. In the class room he has been a wise disciplinarian. If any thing like a "*strike*" ever appeared among the students while under his instruction, it was soon declared "off," and the report of it never reached the ears of the Governing Board of the University. There were no crises, in his classes, to throw discredit upon either professor or students.

Dr. Jones has been associated on the teaching staff, during these fifty years, with more of Acadia's professors than any other member of the Faculty, and has maintained the most friendly relations with them all. Since the retirement of the late Professor D. F. Higgins, of honored memory in 1898, he has been the Nestor of the Faculty. In 1876 being desirous of rest and change and of opportunity for visiting the old world, Dr. Jones obtained leave of absence and visited Great Britain and the Continent of Europe. He returned in 1878 greatly helped and strengthened by this change. It gave him the great educational advantages which travel in the old world affords, and he embraced, also, the opportunity to study teaching methods, for many months, at the great Oxford University.

The changes which have vastly bettered the conditions and work at Acadia during the past fifty years have been very marked, and of a most substantial character. Every building now adorning the ground, without exception, has been erected during that period; and similar changes have appeared both in the teaching staff, and in the character of the instruction afforded. The changes made have been gradual, but show continued progress and efficiency.

When Dr. Jones commenced his work here Acadia had three professors or instructors.

In 1888 when the College Jubilee was celebrated the number had increased to six, and now—twenty-two years later—the professors and instructors have increased to nine.

During the same fifty years the number of students has increased ten-fold. Dr. Jones took his full share in the labors and responsibilities which these changes entailed, and has proved himself entirely equal to the additional labors involved, so far as his own department of work is concerned. He is justly entitled to a fair measure of credit for the great and continued successes of recent years.

To many persons, it would seem, perhaps that the department of classics, or the story of the Humanities, as the acquisition of a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages has been called, demanded little labor and research on the part of the profession. The dead languages it is said, are not characterized by change such as obtain with scientific study. But while this may be true in a sense, it is equally true that the Classics lie at the basis, and are most intimately associated with all literature, and to obtain a mastery of them and power to rightly teach them to others demands diligent and continuous study. Dr. Jones has been a diligent and life long student, and in the realm of literature is a well-educated man. In recognition of his large attainments in Literature and Philosophy he received from his Alma Mater in 1886 the honorary degree of Ph., D.

His life work accomplished in connection with the schools here has been strong and effective, and will remain with the students who have sat in his classes, a rich and permanent possession.

*Edwin D. King, '63.*



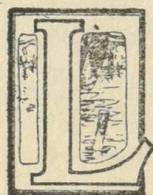
GEORGE C. F. KEIRSTEAD '10

*Graham-Wolfville*

Winner of the Governor General's Medal

### Seeking and Finding.

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IFE is a silver cord, spun with a double thread,  
—a thread of seeking, and a thread of find-  
ing. But alas how much is that of seeking  
and how little that of finding. Only the  
Perfect Life is a cord of equal thread.

At morning with the sunrise man goeth forth to seek. At evening with the twilight empty-handed he returneth. Ay what are these lives? Days full of striving. Nights full of yearning. Many are seeking, but few, few are finding.

Wise indeed was that man of the East who gave all that he had, for in giving his all he found the pearl of great price. Giving is the way of seeking. Losing is the way of finding.

The lake seeking only to get, forever is darkened and still; while the waterfall, living to give, pours forth into music and glory. Heed well the lesson. Through giving we become like Him, the one Ineffable, whose hand alone hath spun the perfect silver cord of seeking and of finding.

*Carmen Chordis.*

### At Acadia Thirty Years Ago.

**T**is by request that memory here wanders back for the furnishing of reminiscences of life some thirty years ago at Acadia.

Vivid is the remembrance of my first view of the first College building, with its handsome Ionic pillars and its comely proportions. Some of our older people affirm that it was a more beautiful structure than the one now crowning the Hill. Perhaps so; but it is often not amiss to bear in mind that "memory's geese are apt to be swans." That first glimpse was had some time before there was any expectation on my part of turning to Wolfville for study. The College had been much talked of in our home, for my father was among its earliest students. And the unexpected occurred in becoming one of its students myself. At coming to Horton Academy for six months of preparatory training, I was met at the head of the first stairway in the southern end of Chipman Hall by the late Dr. Frank H. Eaton, then one of the teachers of the Academy, for at that time the Residence was occupied also by Academy pupils. Mr. Eaton, as he was then called, asked the new-comer if the full B. A. course were contemplated, and upon getting an affirmative answer he remarked that the road before me was a long one. But he must certainly have been stating the case from my standpoint at that particular moment rather than his own, for when the course was finished it looked to me exceedingly brief.

The old College building not only had class-rooms for College and Academy, but Dormitories for College men, a Museum, and the President's residence in the eastern end. It stood two hundred feet back of the present College, and a little farther to the east, its eastern part occupying ground now covered by the western wing of the Seminary. It contained a hall that was not sufficient for a large audience, so that Commencement Exercises were always held, until the dedication of the new College, in the Baptist Church. Indeed the Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the Church until about half a dozen years ago when College Hall

was resorted to for larger accommodation ; and not unlikely when the new stone meeting-house, soon to be erected, displaces the one with which so many associations are joined, there will be return to the place of worship for this service. In the days under review Dr. Sawyer was President of the College ; Professor Tufts was Principal of the Academy ; and Miss Woodworth, afterwards Mrs. Tufts, was Preceptress of Acadia Seminary. As Freshmen our class read Latin for a time with President Sawyer, Professor R. V. Jones just then having leave of absence for special study at Oxford.

A memorable event occurred in our Freshman year, and one with which the reader may be briefly detained. That was the destruction of the College building by fire, on Sunday evening December 2nd, 1877. Shortly before the hour for Church bells to ring, the alarm of fire was sounded, and quickly the people from near and far were looking upon the burning of the edifice reared at such sacrifice,—reared, as we are told, without money, since the necessary materials were contributed by the constituency in various parts of the Provinces. But there was no wasting of time in idle mourning. On Tuesday the students, some of whom had lost their clothing and books, marched around the smoking ruins, sang Auld Lang Syne, and gave three rousing cheers for the building that had gone and the one that was surely coming. On Thursday evening the friends convened in the Baptist Church to consider the situation, and the sum of nine thousand five hundred dollars was subscribed toward rebuilding. On that occasion a student made his fellows envious by pledging five hundred dollars. The others were as eager to give as he, but lacked his financial ability. The entire body of young men, however (for there were no women in College in that day), declared their purpose to stand solidly by Acadia in her adversity, a thing they did most nobly. The bell in the present College, which has been summoning to lectures and prayers for upwards of thirty years, was their gift, and an interesting day was it when they, along with contractors and workmen, hoisted its eleven hundred pounds weight to its home in the belfry. The former building was insured for nine thousand, so that the

eighteen thousand five hundred dollars, available after the Wolfville meeting, served as incitement at other meetings for the same purpose in other localities. Rev. R. D. Porter, the lone graduate of 1857, became the soliciting agent of the Board. Professor Tufts went to Boston and was aided in a canvass by a letter in the "Advertiser," from the pen of President Eliot of Harvard. Other pastors and professors gave help here and there, so that there was such display of courage and faith as deepened conviction that the College of such representatives was worthy of liberal support in this emergency.

The long Christmas vacation of that year, from December 2nd to January 10th, was a busy one on the Hill, for in it were erected such temporary structures as served for continuance of the usual classes. The old Seminary building, forty feet west of the old College, was saved from the flames, owing to a westerly wind, but the loss would not have been great had it gone with its neighbour. For the second half of that year, and the whole of the year after, "the sheds," as they were called, preserved the educational work unbroken. As was said by the "Acadia Athenæum" in the early part of the poorly-housed interim: "Acadia College, as it was, will be found represented on the cover of the last number. Acadia College, as it is, will be found under the poplar-tree in the backyard. Acadia College, as it will be, stands fair and beautiful, though indistinct, on the slope of '78-'79." So bright a forecast was warranted by the fund that was rolling up. It was decided, too, that simultaneously with erection of the College a new Seminary would be built. And the public ceremony of laying both corner stones took place on the 9th of July, 1878.

When the students assembled in the autumn of '78, the exterior of the College was nearly finished. On the 4th of June, 79, the day before the anniversary of that year, the building was formally dedicated. At the time of the fire, there were fifty-five students in the College; at the time of this dedication there were seventy-three. The superintendance of the workmen was in the hands of one now missed, a man of honored memory—Mr. N. A. Rhodes.

Professor Kennedy, of the department of Chemistry and Geology, did much to restore the Museum. And that princely educator, Dr. Sawyer, wrought tirelessly and well by divers means for deliverance from the recent calamity. Nearly three years have we mourned his absence.

It was during the time in mind that the late Dr. Welton returned from Germany to give instruction in Hebrew and Systematic Theology at Acadia. But before long he was drawn away from us to McMaster. Meanwhile he erected the fine residence at present being put in order for Dr. Avery DeWitt. Dr. Welton's colleague, Dr. Crawley, one of Acadia's founders, was rounding out a long and useful life by the teaching of some Theological subjects. Dr. Cramp, to whom Acadia is much indebted, had retired from active service, and was spending the evening of a laborious and fruitful career in the house now occupied by Captain Pratt. Dr. Cramp's valuable library passed over to the College, and his name will remain familiar to our students from its appearance in so many volumes in the College library.

Ours was not the privileged period of electives. The curriculum was the same for all, irrespective of tastes or intentions. The mathematical course, in charge of Professor Frank Higgins, was extensive and rigid. Under it groaned those who had no love for work, and some too who were willing enough to work but were not adapted to succeed in that special line. With Dr. Sawyer we had classes in English Literature. We also had a year in that subject with Professor J. G. Schurman, now President of Cornell. This distinguished Prince Edward Islander, having taken the Gilchrist Scholarship at the end of his Junior year at Acadia, studied in Edinburgh, London and Germany, and then came back as Professor at Acadia. Dalhousie took him from us and Cornell from Dalhousie. As an extra, beside Greek and Latin Classics, the beloved Jones corrected our pronunciation and otherwise supplemented the important department of English. To him we address the words of an author he taught us to admire: *Serius redeas in coelum*—May thy translation to Heaven be long deferred.

The social side of College life was previously cultivated far less than today. Such receptions as are now given from time to time in College Hall, with their elaborate decorations, would have been a marvel back yonder. The difference may be partly traced to the absence of women from the College in the earlier days, for it was not until our Senior year that women began to attend classes. That year Mrs. Raymond, *nee* Clara B. Marshall, who has lately been in charge of the residence for College women, entered the Freshman Class and showed the sceptical that women could hold their own with men in the intellectual realm. But although social functions were fewer and less showy in those ancient times, there were then some real compensations, so that we should not be commiserated overmuch. The past had not all of the worst as the present has not all of the best.

Popular lectures were then more common because more highly esteemed and better attended. At pausing there come to mind the following lecturers with their subjects: Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of Halifax, on "The Great Northwest," and also on "Canadian Patriotism;" President Dartt, of King's College, on "The Times of Johnson;" Professor Charles McDonald, of Dalhousie College, on "The Great Unknown;" President Allison, of Mt. Allison College, on "John Stuart Mill;" Mr. J. H. Fletcher, of the Island "Argus," on "Living Dogs and Dead Lions;" Silas Alward, Esq., of St. John, on "England's Latest Historian—James Anthony Froude;" our own Professor Jones, soon after his return from Oxford, on "English Lakes and the Land of Burns;" Rev. William George, of Burmah, on "Burmah and the Burmese;" Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Boston, on "Organization of Daily Life;" and Robert Burdette, of the Burlington "Hawkeye," on "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache." Some of these lectures left lasting impressions.

Athletics received comparatively small attention. Football of a mild form was being introduced. Baseball was indulged in to some extent. Cricket was the game then in vogue, and opportunity came now and again to make a little noise after a victory

over a neighboring club. But we were not in possession of such a conveniently expressive thing as a College yell. Often have I thought of what my father used to tell of the way some good people were wont to regard games of every sort. When he was a student, there came to Wolfville a visiting minister to see our School of the Prophets, and at getting sight of some young theologians pitching quoits in the shadow of the old College, his sorrow found expression in tears. Just to think of young men turning this way for training, to practice the Gospel, and then engaging in such godless sport! Dear old soul. Well is it that thou art not now around to witness a game of football.

Two notable events formerly characterized the Junior year, viz., the Junior Exhibition and the Junior Expedition. The former was oratorical and the latter geological. The Exhibition closed the work before the Christmas holidays, all members of the class having written orations, and choice being made by the Faculty of those to be presented before a public audience. Up to the time of the fire it was a Sophomore Exhibition, but being necessarily omitted that year, it was required of the class in the year following, so thereafter it belonged to the Juniors. This, unhappily, was dropped a few years since, and its resumption would, in my judgment, be an advantage, forming a suitable close before the winter vacation.

For the Expedition a schooner was secured, and the class, under the Professor of Geology, went geologizing for a whole week. It was in that way that the Junior year ended, and the excursion was usually a delightful one. Final examinations were given the Juniors a week earlier than the others, so as to permit of this outing. Such places as Blomidon, Parrsboro, Five Islands, and the Joggins Mines were visited. Strange to say, our company of about twenty, including even the three in charge of the vessel, had not a smoker among them. There came on board with us at Snagville a man from the land of Uncle Sam who wished to get over to Wolfville, as we were ending the week, and when off a little way on the water, as he took out a cigar for lighting, all the others

surrounded him for such treatment as poor Jonah once suffered. But meekly did he forego what he proposed, declaring it the marvel of his life to encounter a College class without a single user of the weed. As a matter of fact we did have one or two who indulged in this thing, but it so happened that they had not attended us on this trip. The honest confession is appropriate, however, to the effect that we all had other undesirable habits and qualities, so that there was no occasion for boasting. It is easier and more common to condemn the questionable things in which we do not share than to admit or even recognize our own sins and defects.

Permit simply one additional remark as the termination of these roamings of memory, for I foresee the Editor becoming uneasy over the consumption of his space. The remark is this: Any one knowing Acadia from within, or closely viewing her from without, could hardly fail to be impressed with the Christian ideals which have ever been regnant in her history; and only in perpetuation of the lofty aims of bygone days can it be worth while for her to continue to exist.

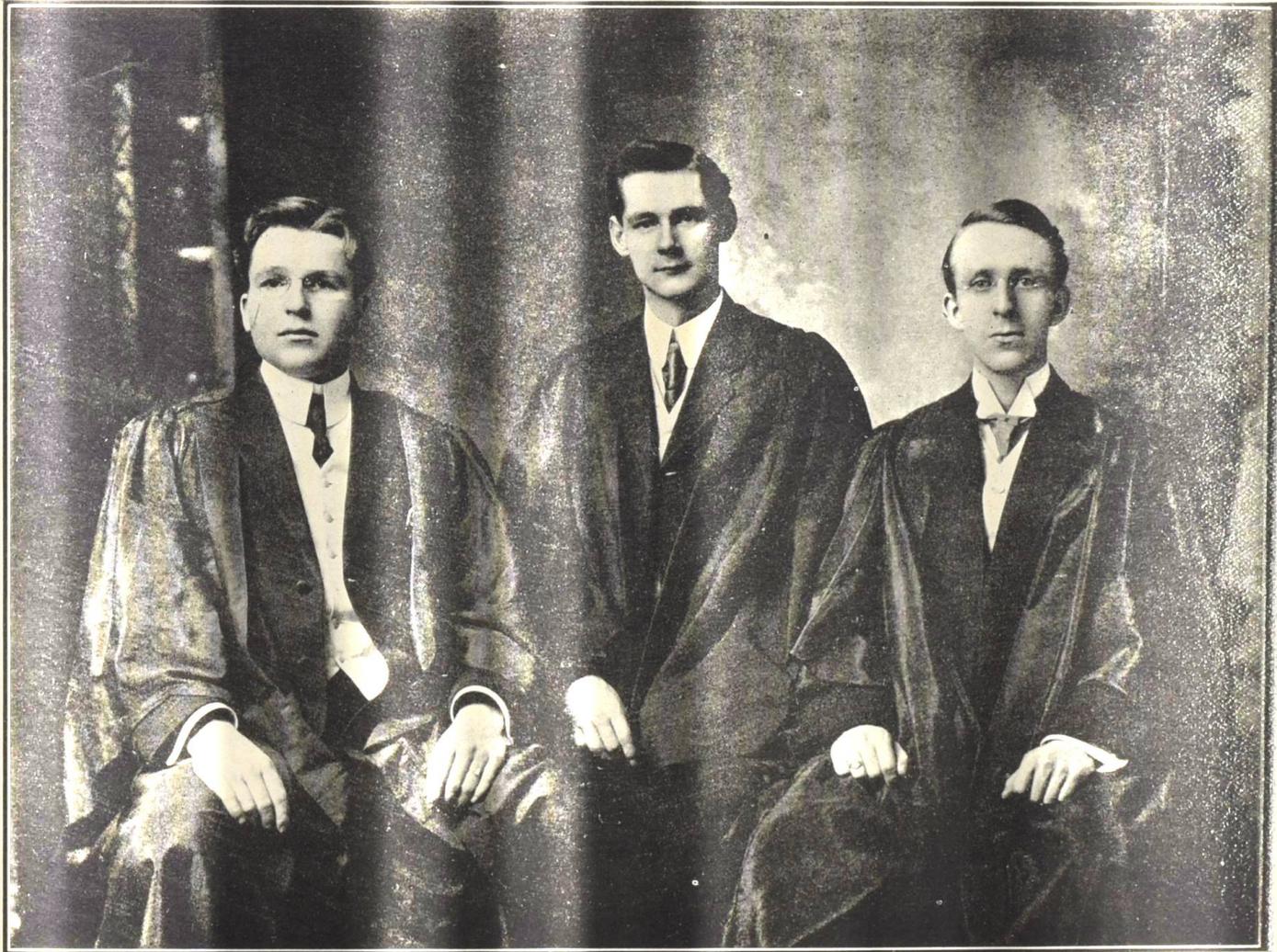
*A. C. Chute, '81*



### Characteristics of Bermuda.

**E**IGHT hundred miles south of Halifax, is a group of three hundred and sixty-five little islands called the Bermudas. The islands stretch out in the shape of a bow for eighteen miles but the total area of land is only thirty-six square miles. The group is encircled by coral reefs with only one intricate passage for shipping of any size.

As the steamer slowly winds its devious way among the buoys that mark the channel, one is struck with the vividness of color. Above, the bright, deep blue of the sky with here and there a fleecy cloud. Beneath, the green, gold and blue of a changing sea. The water is so clear that bright hued fish can be seen darting to and fro among shadowy rocks or pure white coral. Around



THE ACADIA DEBATING TEAM  
Winners of the Kings-Acadia Debate

*Graham W. D'ville*

us, sometimes only a few feet away, lie the beautiful islands. Except a few mere rocky points, they are clothed in living green down to the water's edge. Tall sycamores and cedars shimmer in the brilliant sunshine, while oleander, spice and cinnamon trees diffuse their fragrance on the balmy air. Peeping from among them are quaint, white stone houses, making a delightful contrast with the vividness of the foliage.

The islands are of coral formation, overlaid by a thin stratum of earth. As coral is porous, there are no lakes, rivers or even brooks, and wells are impossible. Rain supplies the drinking water. The house-tops are kept perfectly clean and white. Gutters lead from them to cisterns. During a shower the water rushes into the cisterns and here it is kept for use.

The climate is very mild and humid. Frost is unknown and the temperature seldom rises above eighty-nine degrees. The atmosphere, however, contains three times the moisture of ours, so is very enervating, especially to Northerners.

The soil is very fertile. Vegetation is semi-tropical. Nearly all the semi-tropical fruits and vegetables are cultivated though not in large quantities. The stealing of the onion trade by Texas, the great harm recently done to cultivated plants by injurious insects, and the large influx of American tourists, combine to almost eliminate exportation.

The farms are very picturesque. They are separated by grey stone walls or geranium hedges which often grow six feet high. One of the most beautiful sights is an Easter lily farm in bloom. For acres on either side stretch the beautiful blossoms, almost strangling one with their pungent perfume.

Traces of the days when Bermuda was a convict station can be found in the roads. They are made on the stone formation and in many places hewn out of the solid rock. The deepest cutting is called Khyber Pass. The side walls rise sheer for thirty feet. Mud is unknown as the rain disappears as fast as it strikes the earth.

The country roads are bordered with beautiful Southern trees which often meet over head. You drive from town to town through what seems a never ending avenue.

No matter where we go, from among the trees we catch glimpses of the blue sea, and if we are on the shore road can see for miles out over the broad expanse of ocean. The breakers are only a few rods from shore on the south coast. It is a glorious sight to see the restless ocean send billow after billow crashing to the shore. In comes a mighty Atlantic roller. It meets the reefs which force it to pause. It rises up, up, up, a huge, green wall of water, until one wonders how it can sustain itself. The beautiful white crest curls and curls until with a resounding roar it crashes down into a smothery whirl of foam.

Bermuda is a British colony. It was first used as a convict station, later as a naval station. Now, the navy and nearly all the soldiers have been taken away.

The Dockyard, the naval centre, instead of being a flourishing town is deserted. The days have gone when two or three warships and gun-boats and perhaps a torpedo destroyer were seen in the harbor. The yachts, fishing smacks, ferries and steamers have it all to themselves.

About ten thousand inhabitants are negroes, about five thousand whites. The colored people are of as many classes as are the whites. They range from the refined, educated mulatto to the full-blooded African, though not many of the latter class are seen. But, no matter how refined and educated a negro is, he is still a negro and is treated as such. There is no social equality or intercourse between the races.

The Bermudian negro is a lighter color, has a more even temperament and is more susceptible to refining influences than is the West Indian negro. Their homes range from the one-roomed hut to as fine a house as any of us could wish to live in.

The white people can be roughly divided into three classes: those from England who are connected with the government, the American tourists and the Bermudians, who are descended from English pioneers.

English ideas pervade and control all social conditions. English money is used. Liquor has free license to do its awful work.

The Bermudians are a very warm-hearted, generous but peculiar people. They can think of conditions only as they exist in their small domain. Yet no people could be kinder or more hospitable to the stranger within their gates.

There are only two towns, Hamilton and St. Georges. These towns have the peculiar coloring of towns in Mexico or the West Indies, rather than the southern towns of the United States. The greater part of the white people have their homes in the country. There are not more than a dozen houses, if that many, built of wood. It has to be imported, so of course is very expensive; and it is not so cool and comfortable as stone. The gardens surrounding these country homes are lovely. Here may be seen rare ferns, exotics, cactus and palms of all kinds. Great rose trees, such as you never see in this country, yield their elegant blooms. All kinds of beautiful and rare flowers, plants and trees are grown.

The birds flitting among the foliage are of brilliant and varied colors. The blue bird, the red bird and the ground dove are very beautiful. But at night when all is still and the great white moon is sending a flood of golden glory over the green and white isles and the glistening sea, or when the stars set deep in their firmament of darkest blue sparkle and scintillate, there rises on the quivering air that "melodious song" of the "Bermudian nightingale" (donkey). A patient little plodder he is by day but so often when darkness comes on, he lifts up his voice in protest.

Yet in telling these few remembrances I have no words to fitly describe this land of brilliant sunshine and brilliant hues, where everything sparkles and glitters and almost seems to give forth light of its own.

*M. L. Prestwood, '11,*

## Hôtel de Rambouillet.

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**I**N the Musée de Cluny in Paris one may see two blocks of granite; on one of these is an inscription to the effect that it was built by Maître Charles d'Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet and the date, June twenty-sixth, 1618. These are foundation-stones of the celebrated Hôtel de Rambouillet—the first of the famous French salons—those social and literary circles to which belonged all the most refined and cultured people of France.

The Marquise de Rambouillet, foundress of this salon, was the daughter of Jean de Vivonne, Marquis de Pisani, at one time the French ambassador at the Court of Rome. She was married in 1600 when she was only twelve years of age, and no one who was at the marriage could have guessed that without writing a single line she was destined to be inseparably connected with French literature.

The Marquise de Rambouillet was that unusual person, a born social leader and we shall always wonder at the gifts of a woman who could create and hold together such a society as gathered round her in her beautiful home. She was a very attractive woman—talented, well-born, beautiful and rich; but above all she was good. Her goodness influenced everyone about her and she made virtue fashionable.

During the first years of her married life she took the high place at court that her position in society gave her, but after a few years she began gradually to withdraw. This was caused by the excesses of the court, which surprised and displeased her. However, she was not socially isolated for all the people worth knowing began to come to her home which was situated in the Rue du Louvre. At the present time the site is occupied by the Grand Magasin du Louvre and one now buys dry goods and millinery where once were welcomed all the distinguished people of France. Originally the mansion was the property of the father of the Marquise but in 1600 it received the name of the Hôtel de Ram-

boillet by which it afterward became famous. The Marquise made many changes in its appearance and was her own architect. Among other improvements she changed the position of the staircase, which as in all private dwellings of the time took up the best part of the house, and had it built in a curve, an idea that does not seem to have been thought of previously. She also began the custom of having a series of connected rooms, instead of one vast, dreary drawing-room, as had been formerly the case. She seems to have been also the first to realize that a room could be decorated in any colour but tan or red, and had her drawing-room tapestried in blue velvet; hence it became known as the "blue room."

From the very beginning the Hôtel was very democratic and although a good position in society would naturally influence one of such high rank as the Marquise, yet she gladly received anyone, no matter how humble, if only he possessed talent. She did more, perhaps, than any other woman to gain for authors the privilege of associating with refined people as their equals. Before her time writers were under the patronage of wealthy men who regarded them merely as they would costly furniture. The Marquise aided them greatly in gaining the independent position that they hold to-day.

Historians have often lamented the fact that they can give no accurate account of life in the Hôtel. There was so much wisdom displayed and the language used in the conversation of the visitors was so polished that people spoke of it in after years almost with awe. They had lectures and readings and constituted themselves a literary tribune for criticising all new works and new authors. The Hôtel modified and restricted the growth of the French language; in fact so much time was spent over the question of correct speech that it became the subject of ridicule. However, the ridicule could well be supported. On this question of language the Hôtel de Rambouillet stood out in marked contrast to the society of to-day, which exerts more influence on the question of manners and of dress than on that of language.

Among those who visited the Hôtel during its most brilliant period were Malherbe, the great reformer of the French language, Balzac, the Malherbe of prose, the great Cardinal Richelieu, Corneille, Madame de Sévigni, Molière, Racine and Bolleau, in fact all the most talented men of a century of talent.

But we must not think of the Hôtel as a sort of Academy composed of pedantic men and women; for they were very gay and fond of music and dancing. They also occasionally made pleasant excursions to some of the charming suburbs of Paris. Vincent Voiture was at the head of the gayer set who visited at the Hôtel. Although of humble birth, he was always welcomed there on account of his great talent. He was the first of the men of letters who lived among wealthy people and yet kept his independence. He was very witty and fond of practical jokes. It is said that on one occasion, seeing a man on the street with two tame bears he persuaded him to go to the Hôtel. When they arrived there, Voiture led the man to a room where the Marquise and some ladies were conversing behind a screen. One can imagine the horror of the Marquise when, on hearing a scuffling behind her, she turned round and beheld two shaggy heads with glaring eyes gazing at her from over the top of the screen. Indeed, for the company who gathered at the Hôtel nothing was too serious or too gay, provided it afforded pleasure without sin against propriety.

There were several things that caused the decline of the Hôtel. The marriage of Julie, the daughter of the Marquise in the year 1645, was the first cause. The death of Voiture made a great change and the war of the Froude plunged society into confusion. Then too, the Marquise was now of middle age and for thirty-five years had ruled a circle of the most refined people in France. Other women had learned from her the art of conducting a salon and these smaller circles drew many from the Hôtel. All of the smaller salons were but poor imitations of the Hôtel and lacked its restraining force. Although four or five are worthy of mention, even the best of them lacked a Voiture whose liveliness and wit

carried the fame of the Hôtel down through the centuries to posterity.

The word "précieuse," which originated between the years 1645 to 1648, was at first given to the ladies of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and conferred honour on those to whom it was applied. It meant one who sought to improve the language, sentiments and manners of the time. Later the term was one of contempt, being applied to anyone who was affected and unnatural. The Hôtel was by no means responsible for all the extravagances and affectations of the later "précieuses," for it was at the most important of the smaller salons, that of Mlle. de Scudéry, that false notions of elegance, delicacy and love were first introduced. Here they had the greatest contempt for simplicity and naturalness and brought great affectation into the language. But it was in the smaller towns, in which unimportant salons soon were formed, that the "précieuses" became so ridiculous. They were so affected in their conversation that they could scarcely understand one another and spent their time in discussing the most trivial subjects. A very enthusiastic "précieuse" would speak of her ears as "the gates of my understanding"; her hat as the "defier of the weather"; and night as "the mother of silence." Molière's play, "Les Précieuses Ridicules" was in reality the final cause of the decline of the "précieuses," so ridiculous did it make them appear, although "préciosity" did not quite disappear until a few years later.

Although the Hôtel de Rambouillet existed for only about thirty-five years in all, yet it had a remarkable effect upon the French language, sentiment and manners. It gave the tone to the town, to the province, even to the court itself. The Hôtel holds a great place in the history of the seventeenth century, in fact its influence on French literature has been second only, to that of the famous French Academy.

*Gwendolyn Vaughan Shand.*

## Abraham Lincoln.

(Winning oration in the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest)

THE cry of a new-born babe shall ever be the wonder of the world. For in that wail of weakness all the hopes and dreams of generations past and present wait alone. The destiny of future ages rests only on its magic sway. The creatures of to-day shall even yet become creatures of to-morrow.

"'Twas only an infant cry," they said, but even yet that cry may swell to shake the world. The lisping tones of childhood, before the Punic Altar fires swore endless hate to Rome, and those same lisping tones grew until the voice of Hannibal sounded a clarion from the Alpine heights or fell a blast of terror on the walls of the Eternal City.

A Macedonian nurse sang lullaby songs, little thinking that he who slept on her breast should some day trace his dazzling path of conquest to the zenith where a world should give their homage to the power of Alexander.

It was only a baby boy building snow forts and dreaming, but out of that baby boy came the General, the Emperor Napoleon. All that is lofty began with the lowly. All that is great began with the small. So God through weakness raises strength, yea from the dust He moulds the workers of his plan.

Far off amid the shadows of the immemorial pines a new-born child first broke the forest stillness with its cry. There was the birth-place of a voice whose charm shall never die. There was the coming of a King whose reign shall never cease. Man's eyes were on the palace; God's plans were in the hut. And so he came in silence, unheralded, alone. "No ceremonial of pealed chime was there, or blared horn such as hath blazoned births of lesser kings,

When he the Elder brother of us all,  
Lincoln—was born.

At his nativity

Want stood as sponsor, stark obscurity  
Was midwife, and all lonely things



ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE '10

*Graham-Wolville*

Winner of the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize

Of Nature were unconscius ministers  
To endow his spirit meek  
With their own melancholy. So when he,—  
An infant King of Commoners—  
Lay in his mother's arms  
Of all the earth  
(Which now his Fame wears for a diadem).  
None heeded of his birth:  
Only a star burned over Bethlehem more bright  
A secret gust from that far February borne  
Fills now the organ reeds that peal his centenary."

Derived from the lowest depths, ascended to the highest heights, that in a word is Lincoln's story. Marvel not that mighty men should spring from lowly places. A fool may be born in a palace and the Saviour of the world in a stable. In the words of Governor Black: "Poverty is a hard but oftentimes a loving nurse. If fortune denies the luxury of wealth she makes generous compensations in the greater love which they can only know who have faced privations together. The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair."

Out of the fires of misfortune come the iron and steel, the rugged thews that bind the empire builders of the ages.

When we understand the tremendous advantage of a humble birth, when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to maturer years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings as witnessed the coming of Abraham Lincoln should spring the supreme and colossal figure of modern history.

From the cradle to the grave his every waking hour was one of deathless battle and of endless strife. Arrayed against him were titanic foes, world-mighty in their power, yet never did he fail or falter. Born among the lowly, he stood immovable, firm-based on the ground of the common people. This was his rock of

strength, and even to the end the chains that bound him to it were unbroken. Many a great man as he rises, leaves behind the humble home from which he sprang. But Abraham Lincoln was never so far away "but that he could still hear the note of the evening bird in the groves of his nativity." Where lay his greatest charm? Not only in what he had become, but in what he had not ceased to be. The enchantment of his life was in that perfect blending of the soul of a mighty prince to the heart of a simple man. His mind soared upward like a mountain eagle toward the crowning peaks of glory. But his heart remained forever with the lowly common people. They were always with him, and by their power alone he stood invincible and immovable as the everlasting hills. All his days in a schoolhouse added together would not make a single year, and yet he learned his every lesson well in that far broader school of life. Not 'mid the old world cities, with their storied walls and lore of ancient past, not in the close cramped schools of art, but in the boundless vast of nature were his lessons learned. The sages of the ages were his masters there: with an unerring voice they taught him by that one voice, experience. The changing seasons with their moods of sombre autumn or of joyous spring, the winds, the sky, the stars, and forests dark, all these were tutors of his soul. Lincoln never finished his education; from the pioneer of the Forest, to the pioneer of Freedom, he was always learning. In that great University of Life the course is never done. No lessons there are learned, but there is more to learn. There bells shall never sound, there tasks shall never end. Puppets of smaller schools may cease from labor, but the fellow students of Plato and of Shakespeare must toil on forevermore. The master teachers of this world are those who never cease to be its pupils.

Lincoln always had one sure, set, guiding principle, the right. Tempest-tossed the lives of men, like ships are borne out from their course, and wrecked on many a coast. But Lincoln never veered from that far port of his great destiny. With firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right, he steered his craft

through darkness and through storm, to its appointed haven. Others saw as in a glass darkly. He always face to face. Their truth was veiled by titles, shams and clothes. His eyes through every fog could see the luminous, leading star of right. So guided by the holy light of God he grew amid the prairies and the forests of the West. Unwarped by culture and uncramped by creed, his daring spirit burst the narrow bounds, and like the mountain torrent or the sea-called stream, rose resolute and tore new channels where it found no way.

In that moment when the twilight of the coming night lay round about his native land, when the star of peace had faded and the dark red clouds of war were rolling upward from the South, when from the nation like an unquiet sea rose ominous presage of the coming storm, in that grim moment out of the mystic shadow world a prophet's voice rang like a clarion on the wind. Abraham Lincoln, called from the silence of the West, had come to play his part in the mightiest drama of his century. The words he brought were these, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half free and half slave. I do not expect the union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." Around these words the irrepressible conflict gathered, the schism of the nation came, and into the hands of "honest Abe Lincoln" the guiding of her destiny was given. Appalling indeed was the task which lay before him, to rule a storm-lashed nation and to join again the union that was broken.

In his first inaugural he addressed the men of the South as well as the North, as his Countrymen one and all, and with an outburst of indescribable tenderness exclaimed, "We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies." And then in those wondrously sweet and touching words which even yet thrill the heart, he said: "Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the

chorus of the union, when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature." But the good seed fell on stony places, his words were left unheeded, and the awful storm of civil strife broke out upon the nation.

What darkness and what shadows came down upon their chieftain as that great war came down upon the people. As one has said "his great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allowed him was to pour out like water the life blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, and unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people, until at last he led them through that wilderness of strife unto the promised land of peace which he himself should never know. To-day his fame is fixed as sure as the mountains and the stars. He was the first great Patriarch of American Liberty. Standing alone, and battling only by the might of God, he freed a continent of slaves and saved a falling nation.

Immortality has taken him out of time's careless keeping to her own. Already hero legends have begun to gather around his now undying name. As time goes by the shrine of a great man becomes a shrine of illusions. His virtues live, while his failings die. Around the human the mists of fancy play until we see nought but divine. So it will be with Lincoln. The angular lines of his rugged life will be changed to the perfect round. At last the world will see him as a giant of intellect, culture and grace. But all of these delusions are mere fruitless efforts to explain the sources of his fame. When the wildest dreams have done their part, the witness of his day shall still stand up and say the half has not been told. No times of peace can truly paint the heroes of the war. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," but when the heart is empty from whence shall the voices come? Could we but see those shrouded battles that are gone, then we should truly see the immortal chieftain as he was.

Roll back, thou weird enchantress Time, the mists that guard thy past, show once again thy lurid page 'mid lightning flashes wild, where empires' gates are shaken, and where earth's foundations rock, beneath the iron-shod feet of war. The incense of the Battle God is rising once again; across the seas of living blood Artillery's thunders roar. We see them once again, the fair faced sons of North and South, like breakers of the sea, raising aloft their arms to glory and to fame, or with their banners crashing down to fall forever on the iron-bound coast of death.

And there alone in that far looming hour we see the great war chieftain as he was, a ruler of the tempest and a master of the storm. Standing like some great beacon of the winter sea, and towering far above the storm wrack, he shed his guiding ray across the advancing and receding tides of strife. All else was swept before it in the hurricane of war. He only stood secure and resting in the power of God became "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" to guide his people through the wilderness of strife.

When Triumph came all eyes were turned on him, but the soldiers coming back from battle looked in vain for "Father Abraham." With that vast army of the dead, the great War Chieftain too, had mustered out, and "cast his tent on Fame's eternal camping ground."

But he has left behind him his choicest legacy, in his example of the omnipotent, irresistible, power, of simple, Christian character. Listening to-day we still may hear the far-off echo of his voice, saying with Paul and many a sainted soldier of the past: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

*Arthur Hunt Chute.*

### From the Great Deep.

“Where is he who knows.

From the great deep to the great deep he goes,”

“**H**E is dead” they told her and with that tried to draw her away. But she only looked up at them with troubled eyes. And answered slowly, as if words came with a great effort.

“Leave us, leave me with him,” and then at last they moved away, and left her there, kneeling by her husband’s body.

“Will her reason stand the strain, if we leave her alone,” whispered one.

“She seems dazed” said another, “As if she did not realize what has happened.” But a third, spoke softly.

“They loved each other so, perhaps he will come to her. Who knows?” and they went gently from the room.

The morning sunlight pierced through the closed shutters making a soft dusk in the room, so that, as she leaned forward she could see the still face. Outside the sleigh-bells rang gaily, and she heard as at a great distance voices and laughter. From all these she seemed far removed; a wall which she could not pass had been suddenly raised between her and the outside world. Could she ever recross that wall; take up her life as it had been before the fragment of flying glass had severed it with the death of her husband.

“The greatest scientist of the age” she heard a voice from that far off world saying. Yes, that he was and none knew it better than she, she who had been his only assistant, his only confidante, she and she alone knew the discovery which he was on the verge of making when the exploding of a retort had cut off his life in one brief moment. It had been the last experiment before he should give his knowledge to the world, and now—to-morrow the papers would be full of it, for it was a world’s grief—but now the loss was her’s alone, He was not the great discoverer, the famous chemist but the man, the man she had loved and had lost—the man who had loved her. She seemed to hear again those softly uttered words.



Officers of the Propylæum Society and Y. W. C. A.

*Graham-Wolfrille*

“They loved each other so, perhaps he will come to her.”

If there were any life after death ; if the life and soul did not go out together into the blank void from which they came, he would have come. She knew that, but there was no after life—she knew that also. At first she had believed in an eternity, it had been one of her girlhood’s faiths, but he had no such hope. She remembered how gently he had talked with her, how sure and accurate had been each step of reasoning. She was a scientist too and his pupil, and under his teaching the conviction had grown on her that in science all could be explained without reference to eternal life. What need for a future life? To introduce it was to bring into the world an element of uncertainty for which science has no place. So the belief had gone.

“Just as other childish things sink out of one’s life when knowledge increases,” she had told her husband.

And now he was dead, the great man dead, and perhaps at the same time had gone out the soul of some who had left the world so much the worse that they had lived in it. Did it all come to the same? Benefactor of the world, and mere cumberer of the ground, was all for them received in this life? Did he whose life had been a constant sacrifice for the good of others reap no other reward than fame in this world, the fame which had come unsought, almost despised. Since there was no hereafter that *was* all, “The amazement of undeveloped minds and the undisguised malice and envy of those who might have been expected to understand,” he himself had expressed it in one of his rare moments of bitterness.

“No life, no life” she moaned, and the sound of her voice in the stillness startled her, she put out her hand and touched his hand, the hand that had always been as a protection to her against the outside world, against her own darker moods, but it was so cold, so terrifying that she drew away from it, she was alone, alone, and he could not come to her, for he was dead. Why then did she live? She too could help the world, for she alone knew the great discovery. She alone could publish it abroad, but what avail? The world would be bettered,—Yes, but why make the

world easier to live in? There was no purpose in living, for this life was meaningless without result, and there was no hereafter. She could not aid others in living such a purposeless thing. She could not live it for herself.

"No life," She moaned again and at the sound her feeling took form, She *would* not live. To die, was not so very hard. She knew what compounding of chemicals could bring death calmly and without pain. The dead face looking up at her made her shudder. Was it reproof for leaving his work undone? In terror she rose from beside the bed, and stole to the door; down the long corridor she hurried, yet, even in her haste, softly as if she feared discovery, as if she were doing a wrong.

In the laboratory the bright sunlight flooding the room showed all as it had been only a short time ago. On the desk a book lay open, a scrap of paper marking the place to which he had last made reference; fragments of the broken retort lay upon the floor. With a cry of anguish she recoiled from them, and turning to a shelf, filled a beaker to the brim.

"I cannot live, I am afraid of life without him, and he is dead," she said as if to justify herself to some unseen judge, and raised it to her lips.

"No, no, I cannot die here, where he died" the words came chokingly. Memories crowded in upon her, and she fled.

Trembling but with the glass held firmly in her hand, she sank down beside him again.

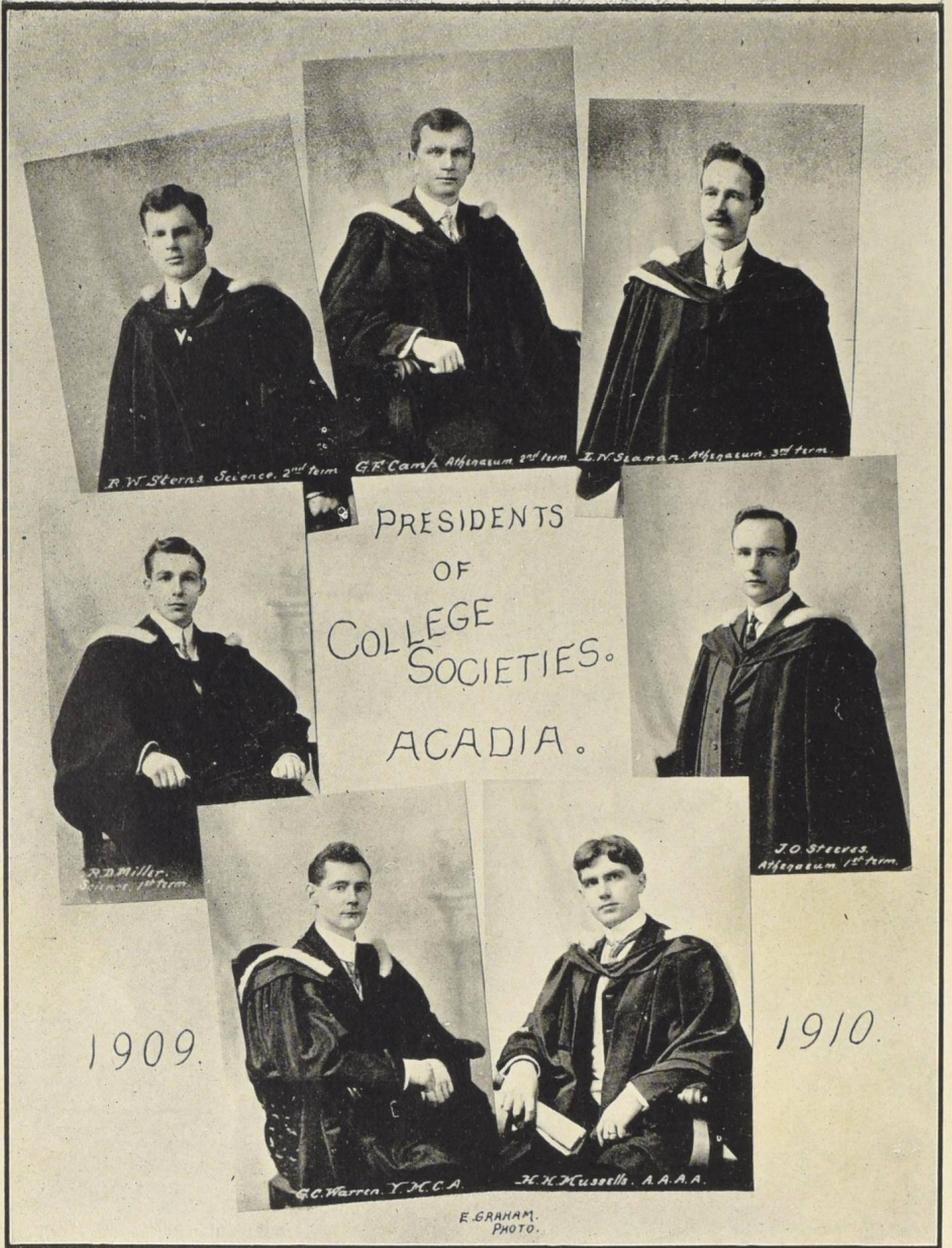
"Dearest" she murmured, as if to explain to him "Dearest, there is no after life, I cannot live without you and you cannot come to me, I am returning to the void from whence all came—Dearest, I go."

She raised the glass to her lips. A touch on her arm made it fall to the ground where it crashed to a thousand fragments, for the touch was as that of her husband's hand. The room seemed full of light, and from out the brightness she heard a voice, a voice, she knew and loved.

"I have come to you."

Putting out her hand she laid it on the dead one and was no longer afraid.

*Merlin.*



PRESIDENTS  
OF  
COLLEGE  
SOCIETIES.  
ACADIA.

R. W. Stearns Science, 2<sup>nd</sup> term

G. F. Campbell Alleganum 2<sup>nd</sup> term

I. N. Seaman Alleganum 3<sup>rd</sup> term

J. O. Miller Science, 1<sup>st</sup> term

J. O. Steeves Alleganum 1<sup>st</sup> term

H. C. Warren Y. C. C. A.

H. K. Kuselle A. A. A.

1909

1910

E. GRAHAM.  
PHOTO.

### College Ode.

**I**n Learning's Halls where students seek  
One clearest light that reason gives,  
To every heart may all things speak  
Of *Him*, the Lowly, Pure, and meek,  
Who once was dead, yet ever lives.  
His thoughts expand the human mind ;  
Through Him alone is guilt forgiven ;  
His laws are just : His dealings kind ;  
His hands the chains of sin unbind,  
And bring to earth the bread of heaven.  
His Name all other names outshines ;  
His words all other words outlast ;  
His plans outwork His foe's designs ;  
His reign no boundary confines ;  
His throne shall stand when Time is past.  
His claims the mightiest minds confess ;  
His voice bids storms and sorrows cease ;  
His own redeeming righteousness  
Has boundless power to save and bless,  
And gives the soul all-perfect peace.  
His love to know, is bliss begun ;  
His face to see, is heaven complete ;  
May His blest will, with joy be done,  
By all who breathe beneath the sun,  
And every tongue His praise repeat.  
Supreme ! All-wise ! Ineffable !  
True Light ! no years, or age, can dim ;  
In whom all glories meet and dwell,  
His grace, His goodness who can tell ?  
How blest are they who learn of Him !

*Pastor J. Clark.*

## Class History

**G**REAT deeds of History come and go, while ringing bells sound out their passage to the world. War and peace, night and day, the tocsin tolls them all away. When morning glids the eastern sky amatin bell its greetings cry. And when the western shadows fall the same true bell in evening song marks out the fleeing hours of time. So with man's day. 'Tis ever rung as changes on the changing chimes. Today it sounds the dawn of life: tomorrow tolls the end of strife. Buildings or builders rise and fall, but time eternal sounds through all. Tomorrow the old College Bell shall ring for the class of 1910 its vesper chime. Then on our student life the night shall fall, and in the dawning of another day we shall have passed into the wider, broader, world of men.

When Autumn comes again, new voices shall resound to wake the slumbering bell: new feet shall tread the grass-grown ways: new faces shall be seen about the College town. Our places shall be filled when we ourselves are gone. No more for us the morning call shall sound, no more for us the Campus and class room with their labor and their joys. All these are past and gone. But we shall carry with us memories of our sunshine student days, and with their gleam shall lighten up the darkest years to be.

Student life is life indeed. Sometimes we look upon the four years that we spend here as four years of transition. But many a man who from the end looks back, still sees his College days glow brightly, while his after years are faded and forgotten. Speak not of that great calling, life beyond, as if it were the only world. Within this little College town there is a smaller world, as real as earnest, and as true.

So we the class of 1910 have come to tell our story of the Halcyon World of School. Once more 'tis Autumn in Acadie, home of the happy. Upon the mountains and along the valley, the frost fairies have painted bright their colors of crimson and gold.

The tawny tides have changed their tint into a clearer blue. Old Blomidon, a warden of the northern way, looms out against an undimmed sky. Ay, glorious is this day and glorious does its beauty shine on many a thrilling heart. This is the day of the College awakening. The silent spell has fallen off. The long summer sleep has passed. The streets and ways are full once more with eager anxious feet. Again the halls are echoing as of yore with merry shouts of laughter and of song. Ah, hark! there once again the bell is sounding forth its pealing note. The voice that called their fathers in the past, the voice that in the future their unborn sons shall hail, that voice is calling to Acadia's sons that are. Many a heart beats high before that dear old bell, but none so high as ours responding to its first great call. Into the classic halls we go, simple they may be, but to us upon the threshold they are grand. It is the opening Chapel service. The Autumn sunshine gleams without, the darker shadows fall within. The dim light steals in grey cathedral glory through the Hall, it plays upon the pictured fathers of the past, and shows in sombre dignity of cap and gown the grave professors facing their new task.

All this and more fill full the Freshman's cup of joy. And now the voice of prayer is rising. The dim grey Hall has faded, another scene has come. 'Tis evening in the dear home far away. A voice is reading from the old and thumb-worn Text; 'tis family worship, and a vacant place is there; a voice is rising in the evening prayer, and now in broken tones it prays that he, the absent one, may learn his lessons well. Before the Freshman's eye the wonder of the College Hall has faded. Nought but a care-worn face is seen, while the boy far away vows that he shall not be found unworthy of the sacrifice that brought him to the College on the hill. So our first Freshman day in passing left behind deep memories of mingled pathos and of joy.

On the second day we had our first meeting for the incorporation of the class of 1910. On earth all things have a beginning and an end. At the opening meeting it looked like an intermin-

able stretch, but now in truth, all that long future has itself faded into the past. Its long far reaching way is but a memory, and we ourselves are really here in the last meeting of our class.

But let us turn back to the beginning once more. Here we might speak briefly of this Freshman coalescence of humanity. One green man, named Green, had a mustache which disappeared over night. That mustache of Jimmy Green's was something like a sunflower. When the Sophomores darkened the days it faded, only to blossom again, when those poisonous, night shady second year students had vanished.

Another illustrious Freshman who arrived a day late wrote to the Faculty to meet him at the train. Perhaps he expected the Board of Governors to be there too. However the places of both Faculty and Governors were admirably filled by the Sophomores. No sooner had our young friend alighted than he was attacked by a horde of the aborigines of Chip Hall, who, knowing by a vulture-like sagacity the aspect of a Freshman, swooped down upon him. They gave him a hearty welcome, and when he inquired for a pleasant agreeable boarding-place, he was driven up and deposited with all his luggage on the doorsteps of Acadia Seminary.

Two other white-tied fellow Freshmen were summoned to appear before the Stipendiary Magistrate of the Sophomore class, but were released on bail, and bound over to keep the peace. The bail consisted of a barrel of apples, stolen by night from a near-by orchard. But it remained for the Athenæum Society to really show what stuff this class contained. Here after the regular meeting, the entire constellation of 1910 shone forth in one grand galaxy of glory. Each man was there, and each man played his part, before a pompous Judge and Jury. The Judge himself looked more like the Lord High Chancellor of England than Jock Johnson, a Sophomore. Mr. Ivan Terrible Nowlan was first called upon to give his maiden speech from off 'the horns of the dilemma.' Fresh from the Home Mission Field, this gentleman arose, resplendent in celluloid collar and cuffs, and delivered a masterly oration full of oratorical proclivities, on 'The Pristine Innocence of Ignorance'.

A little wee fellow with a voice almost as big as your humble servant, the Historian, named Roy D. Miller, then arose and sang that old-time ballad, 'Peeking thro the knot holes in his father's wooden leg'.

Brigham Young and Skinny Reid then indulged in a spanking contest which called to mind in a very vivid manner the patter of our angel mother's slipper on the bustle of our overalls.

When the show had ended within, a nocturnal celebration was begun without. A processional march was formed and behind the tin pan band a troop of the Freshmen paraded, clothed in long and flowing nightshirts. And so the Felicitation of the evening closed in one grand serenade behind the Sem.

One morning a short time later, while acting President Oliver was busy garnering the golden Autumn leaves around the grounds of the Institution, the Sophomores thought that they would take advantage of the absence of this dusky dignitary and prepared to act in life once more the Battle of Bull Run. They formed a solid phalanx in the corridor and prepared to meet the simple unassuming Freshmen as they came from out the English Class. But alas for our opponents, they were a small skinny little crowd, far too week for that mighty rival of the lower class. For a time the air was black with flying Sophomores, tossed high toward Heaven or falling back to earth once more. When the smoke of Battle cleared away there was nothing left of the class of 1909 but a piece of an ear and a shin bone.

And now the day has come when on the gridiron the Freshmen and Academy shall strive for the supremacy in Football glory. The Cads had the best team that was ever produced in the history of the school. But the Freshmen are no less strong. Keen from their victorious struggles with the Sophomores, they are well nigh invincible, and seven of their men have played on the Varsity team. No greater battle was ever fought upon Acadia's Campus. And when the day was done Horton Academy had the honor of saying that she was beaten for the first time in fifteen years by the Freshmen in the shape of the class of 1910. That night there

was another serenade behind the Sem, but this time without the nightshirt variations.

As the days slipped silently by they one by one in their endless flight marked off our passing life. New occasions taught new duties, till the strangeness all was gone, and our time began again to pass with the still and rhythmic flow of goose grease. So borne upon a swifter tide each day we glided on until at last the first term's course was run.

Christmas brought a seven days wonder to many a backwoods settlement when the Freshman made his triumphant visit to the Old Homestead. No warrior from the wars was ever greeted with more joy than he. And even though this youth may scale to highest pinnacles of Fame, never again, in his own mind at least, shall his august presence be such an honor to the village.

The second term began more calmly than the first, but soon the mid year exams. gave us all that we wanted of foul weather.

After the mid years we had a sleigh drive, and a supper in the subterranean recesses of the Kentville Oyster house. It was at this supper that a fellow countryman of the mustached Jimmy Green in a toast to the ladies made his debut as a champion of the fair sex. This thin and unpretentious stick of cord wood, brought in on the tidal wave from Prince Edward Island, was afterwards destined to become a pillar in the temple of liberty, sharing the name Emancipator with Abe Lincoln. I refer to Mr. G. C. Warren, President of the class of 1910, late leader of Acadia's invincible debating team. His fervid eloquence has builded much of our Alma Mater's undimmed glory in the Forum. Mr. Warren, hearing the Syren call of the militant suffragettes has vowed to lay himself upon their altar. Abraham Lincoln was the emancipator of the black race and Gordon C. Warren will be the emancipator of the fair race. After that Oyster Supper in Kentville all other events of that second term grow dim in my memory.

The Fall term saw the gathering of the class of 1910 once more, but no longer as Freshmen. That weird enchantress, Time, had touched us with her magic wand and now behold we had

become the Sophomores. There were changes in our number, however, some old faces were missing and new ones had come to take their places.

Our first few weeks passed without any stirring events, because of the timidity of the Freshmen. None of them dared venture out to the first meeting of Athenæum, so on Monday we all came to Chapel with bags of flour, and after the services we covered the greenness of the Freshmen with a coating of white. President Hutchinson congratulated them on their appearance, saying that "Honor was the whitest thing in the world." But after a short time, however, the Freshmen had the audacity to prepare for a banquet and invited the Reverend President and the Reverend Professor of Divinity to act as chaperones. Such impudence was unparalleled, and the mighty Sophomore nation declared war. That was a busy day for us in the department of foreign affairs, and when night came our plan of campaign was complete. Several of our Diplomatic agents called at Mr. Watson's ice cream emporium, and informed him that as there was danger from the Sophomores, they had brought a team themselves to get the ice cream. Mr. Watson, thinking that our men were Freshmen, handed over the refreshments which were immediately driven away under escort and deposited safely in the house of one of our class girls, who resided in town.

Under the shade of the trees in the College grounds lay another squad of Sophomores with binding ropes and gag, waiting the arrival of the Freshman president. As he passed in an unsuspecting manner, an easy capture was effected, and soon this dignitary was safely lodged in one of the bedroom closets of Chipman Hall. A guard of 40 men was placed in the room to prevent recapture. After some time had elapsed, a number of Freshmen appeared holding a conference just under our window. Some of the guards got busy with fire buckets, and suddenly these innocents were smitten with a bad attack of water on the brain, which caused the unexpected dispersion of the tribes. But by this time the grand army of the Freshman forces has formed and is advanc-

ing for the rescue of their chieftain. And now like a mighty tide they sweep along Blood Alley and surge against our fast-barred door, while high thundering above the din, we hear them bellowing for their president. Without, there is infinite hubbub, but within, there is infinite quiet. No answer does our guard give to their challenge, and at last a lull falls o'er the storm. A moment of stillness, and then, crash, bang, crash, and a shining axe breaks the fast barred door close by a Sophomore's head. Another axe comes thro, the door is weakening, but quickly two tables are hurled against it and the barrier is strong once more. But through the broken panels we can see the forces of the Freshmen. Fists are shaken on both sides, but the belligerents without are suddenly calmed, when one cool son of Annanias and Saphira warns the Freshmen that we haven't got their President and to their alarm Mr. Warren of the house committee steps up to the broken panel and begins to take the names of the vandals who have thus smashed Chip Hall property. In the closet just by the opening is President Jimmy MacLeod, while Skinny Reid and Brigham Young guard his golden silence by a club held directly against his upper story.

The Freshmen retired only to from another charge, this time they were armed with pitchers, basins and various other implements and without any warning the Sophomores were flooded by a rush of water thro the broken pannels. It looked as if we were going to be drowned like rats, when suddenly from beyond the tumult came the cry, 'The President is coming'. There was a quick stampede through every means of egress, and before the head of the Faculty the belligerents of both sides vanished like the darkness before the dawn.

Toward the end of our Sophomore year another outstanding event occurred, in the burning of the College Observatory. The passing of this building has been for a long time shrouded in mystery. Many conjectures were formed as to the cause of the fire. Some say it was due to spontaneous combustion; others say, because of its astronomical purpose it was struck by a meteorite;

while members of the Faculty have been known to attribute it to some false Israelite from the tribe of Asher. But henceforth and for evermore let all theorizers hold their peace for here is the truth of the matter. Ahenabarbus Brick Top Chute and Red headed fire-alarm Bigelow were out sparking with their girls on the night of the fire, and between them, with their conflagration tendencies, they set up such an everlasting big spark that the very observatory itself was kindled and burned to ashes.

Our Junior year had its great events which we must pass over on account of the pressure of time.

The class of 1910 has seen history in the making at Acadia. During our Freshman year, there was no President. Acting-president Tufts was at the helm, and Billy Oliver on deck. Our Sophomore year witnessed the inauguration of President Hutchinson and the successful termination of the second forward movement. These two forward movements shall always stand as a monument to ex-president Trotter, for through them \$305,000.00 were added to the funds of the University.

Our Junior year saw the walls of the Carnegie Science Building rising to become a new landmark among the Old Temples on the hill.

The beginning of the Senior year found us once more without a President. During the interregum Dr. Tufts again took the leading place. The formal opening of the Science Building also took place. Our second term was marked by the accession of a new President in the person of George Barton Cutten, Ph. D., a former thunderbolt forward of the Yale football team, an author of standard works on Psychology, and an educational lecturer of national reputation.

Not only do students come and go in College Life, but even the professors have their times of arriving and departing. Our class has seen the following men pass out from here to other fields. Prof. Ernest Morse, of beloved memory, from the department of Mathematics. R. C. Archibald of deathless memory from the department of Mathematics. Roland Palmer Gray, commonly called Dolly, from the department of English. Roy Elliott Bates,

our first Rhodes Scholar, in the department of English. Mr. Bates was forced to retire on account of ill health.

We have also had the privilege of welcoming the following professors.—Henry G. Hartmann, a man of unbounded enthusiasm, who has for us made the darkest mazes of Philosophy flash with the scintillations of his own personality. Wilbur A. Coit, a mathematician, from whom the Historian himself has taken lessons. It was with Prof. Coit that many of our class worked off their supplementaries, and finally passed out from the bugbear subject of their course. Personally, I may say that whenever I think of my long struggles in Mathematics, the memory of my last teacher always calls to my mind those words of Shakspeare, "Long is the night that never finds the day." Prof. Coit was the daystar to many of us.

Professor Pattison was Mr. Bates successor in English. Among the treasures of learning which the wise men of this University have brought to us from afar, none are more precious than those which we gained from Prof. Pattison's lectures on English Literature.

The Senior year of 1910 has been without doubt the most brilliant in all the annals of our Alma Mater's name. Acadia's bells are thread bare ringing in her victories. Invincible, today she stands bearing the trophies from every Intercollegiate contest of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Her illustrious record of the present has, as yet, been unknown to any of her rivals of the past. Our Battle flags are furled in glory.

Let the visitor pause before our trophies in Football, in Hockey, in Track, and last but not least in Debate; and as the Fathers gaze upon these tokens let them know that the spirit which reared Acadia College in the past, invincible and deathless, still lives on in the Maritime Baptist brawn and brain of the rising generations.

And now, Classmates, we must leave these smaller battles, and march on into the world-wide fields of life. Already the bugles are sounding, the iron spirit of our sires is tingling in our veins, we feel the lust of conquest. But as we pass down to the ways of

sterner conflict, let us know that we gain strength, not only from the victory, but even from defeat. The laurel crown, and the broken sword, each one must share the glory. When all the armies shall march up before the Captain of the Hosts, no voice shall point out those who lost, nor speak of those who won, but on the brow of every soldier who has done his best God's hand shall place the crown.

*Arthur Hunt Chute.*



### Class Ode.

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FOY comes not from the race we've run,  
 Nor from the tasks already done ;  
 But from the battles yet to be,  
 The glorious expectancy  
 Of Laurels yet unwon.  
 Each height thus far  
 Brings its new star  
 Toward higher ways  
 And grander days.  
 Not that behind, but that before  
 The voice of Triumph calls for more.  
 Our true reward for duty done  
 Is strength to meet a larger one,  
 To fight for aye in endless strife  
 In this alone is endless life  
 Then for no Truce of God we pray ,  
 But for the martial songs each day ;  
 So may our glory ever be  
 To battle on eternally.

*Arthur Hunt Chute.*

### Class Prophecy.

THE embers of my office fire have died,  
 Oppressive darkness reigns supreme inside,  
 My mind in memories of bygone days  
 Is roaming far and wide.

Just forty years ago was nineteen ten  
 That famous year when five and twenty men  
 With girls eleven were Acadia's grads—  
 They've scattered far since then.

Not once have I endeavoured to recall  
 The names and faces of my classmates all  
 Who ever toiled and tugged, or shirked and plugged  
 From freshman Math to Paul.

But as in darkness here alone I sit,  
 From this one's name to that my mind will flit;  
 I see them as I knew them when at school—  
 How great their brawn, their wit!

In mystery the stories of their lives  
 Of after years is hid. Like bees in hives  
 They labored long and then were scattered far,  
 The girls must now be wives.

The boys of course went to the pulpit— some;  
 For we had men who'd ministers become,  
 When they had finished study and hard work  
 To preaching they'd succumb.

But some must needs from out the pulpit stay,  
 In industry must pass the years away,  
 To earn a living by what means they can,  
 Also the preacher's pay.

The call of industry must come to all ;  
 And on the answer each man gives the call  
 Depends the course of life he shall pursue.  
     Success crowns some ; some fall.

Thus did I ponder and philosophize ;  
 And then it was there rose before my eyes  
 A beckoning hand, upon the back of which  
     Were figures of great size.

I saw the figures and I looked again—  
 Most plainly there was written " 1910 !"  
 I knew at once the spectre beckoned me  
     To leave my private den

And search through realms of earth, or sky, or shade,  
 For those who once our famous class had made  
 But now had scattered far—I know not where.  
     Their memory ne'er can fade.

But whither shall I first my footsteps turn  
 The stories of my classmates' lives to learn ?  
 For they have long been absent from my mind ;  
     My summons now they spurn.

Bur-rr ! bur-rr ! the 'phone rang at my side,  
 Caused me to start, my eyes to open wide.  
 My 'phone is seldom rung this hour of night :  
     Perhaps my ears had lied.

I lifted the receiver off the hook  
 And heard a voice, whose every accent shook  
 With age or fear, and quickly said to me ;  
     "I say, you, say there, look !"

" Well, yes, " I answered, like a man who dreams  
 And knows not why he speaks, but ever seems  
 To welcome anything into his mind,  
     And good or bad esteems.

“Hello,” he called, in voice so sad and weak  
I grew alarmed, but yet dared not to speak  
For fear some dreadful news awaited me  
But covered like a sneak.

“The Baptist parson, speaking,” then he said ;  
I smiled half loud, and lightly shook my head,  
For I had not for years a parson heard ;  
I thought they all were dead.

“Good morning, parson,” said I like a saint ;  
A picture would I then have been to paint !  
Then to the parsonage he invited me—  
I thought I sure would faint !

“My wife,” he said, “asked me to send for you,  
For she the valley dark seems passing through,  
And ere she leaves this wilderness of woe  
She’d speak with friends she knew.”

“All right,” I said, “in half an hour’s time  
I’ll be on hand.” Though how I’d ever climb  
The sacred steps up to the parsonage  
Was puzzling me betime.

I wondered who on earth this friend could be  
That in her dying moments called for me—  
For I was no physician taught to heal—  
Well, let’s go in and see.

I rang the bell, and straightway to the door  
An old man came, some six feet tall or more,  
Of corporation large and face serene—  
His wife should him adore.

He took me in the house and led the way  
To where his wife upon her death-bed lay ;  
And when I saw her face I almost wept,  
But turned my head away.

There on a bed of torturing pain was laid  
 One who had been a happy college maid,  
 And in Acadia's famous class of Ten,  
 Her name for short was Sade.

She rallied when I entered, and she stirred  
 To ask if I had had a single word  
 From any of our several classmates.  
 I said I had not heard.

She made me promise truly there and then  
 To tell her history to the rest of Ten.  
 And then to write her story with the rest ;  
 So I produced my pen.

On leaving college Sadie tried to teach,  
 But later thought she would prefer to preach,  
 So she and Frank joined hands in one good cause  
 Of consecrated speech.

For years they taught by day and spoke by night,  
 With all their might to scatter wide the light  
 Of gospel hope. The good that they have done  
 Is sure a holy fright.

Oh they buried her down in a southern State,  
 Where she knew every lass and each lad,  
 And the people for whom she had labored still prate  
 Of the work she would do both early and late,  
 And sigh, "Poor Shad"! "Poor Shad"!

I left the house where "Shad" had passed away,  
 And up the street with heavy heart did stray.  
 A short way off I saw a glaring sign :  
 "This way! Come all! This way"!

Inside the opera house you should have seen  
 The man who lectured on "The Great 'Has-Been',"  
 Told tales of love at first sight spurned and lost—  
 'Twas Green! Jim Green!

On leaving college, Jim of things above  
Framed his discourses. Then he fell in love  
Head over heels, and this fall proved enough  
His doctrines to remove.

He left the pulpit for the lecture hall,  
To demonstrate the woes of love to all  
Who might perchance be dallying near its snare  
And wander past recall.

When wearied by talking and stricken with years,  
Jim was buried with tenderest care  
In the valley of sighs by the river of tears ;  
So were ended his hopes, and were buried his fears ;  
But his wandering spirit still cries : "Beware of love !  
Beware" !

But one there was of Nineteen Ten I thought  
Who never would forsake the preacher's lot,  
But would forever to his call stay true  
If others did or not.

Of him I found I had not guessed astray,  
For as I strolled one noon along Broadway  
I read a handbill which was given me,  
And this it had to say :

"Come to the Grand First Church next Sunday sure  
And see the preacher from Spud Island cure  
The sins of thousands of our outcast men,  
Some rich, some poor."

Resolved that I would hear this man of fame,  
Although I did not even know his name,  
I wandered on the Sabbath to his church  
To test the handbill's claim.

The preacher by his eloquence and power  
Held thousands spellbound as he spoke that hour,  
And pointed out to them the way to Heaven  
And made the sinner cower.

On Sunday after Sunday now for years  
This man has brought the multitudes to tears,  
And led them in the straight and narrow path  
So free from care and fears.

The name of this great man I scarce need tell—  
He's known by fame afar and near so well ;  
'Twas Gordon Warren from the Island sod  
Beneath whose sway I fell.

In the Garden of the Gulf have they laid him to rest,  
As he begged on his dying bed,  
With the sod that he loved growing green o'er his breast.  
And the friends who in youth knew old Gordie the best  
Still murmur : " Great head ! Great head ! "

On leaving Gordon's church that Sabbath morn,  
I spied Kate Mitchell, old, and gray, and worn ;  
So changed was she I hardly knew her first,  
All aged and forlorn.

I hastened out to ask her, if I dared,  
How she since leaving college hill had fared.  
She grimly smiled and said that now for her  
Nobody cared.

Through all the years she had been teaching school ;  
She thought oue time to marry—he turned cool,  
That settled all ; she never tried again  
But dubbed each man a fool.

Oh they buried her down in a churchyard plot,  
Very near to the village school.  
By the most of the world she is now forgot,  
But her spirit still cries though you hear it not :  
" Every man is a fool, a fool ! "

There is a school for girls at Bobbili  
To which I wish you'd take a trip with me  
And see there what I found not long ago—  
'Tis wondrous you'll agree.

The matron of the school you can't forget,  
So dignified is she, so firm, so set.  
You hardly would believe me if I told  
    You that it is our Hett !

This woman, grand and dignified, and grave,  
Majestic, noble, fluent, cultured, brave,  
Is Henrietta Crandall. Years ago  
    Herself to missions she gave.

Oh they buried her down by the ocean's shore ;  
    You can pass near her grave in a skiff ;  
Round a precipice there long and loud the waves roar  
While her spirit cries and will cry evermore :  
    " Oh you Cliff ! Oh you Cliff ! "

At Chicacole a doctor will you find,  
Of stature small but most gigantic mind,  
Whose knowledge is a byword in the East—  
    Unique is he in kind.

'Tis Foster Camp. Physicians call him king  
And to his fiat bow in everything.  
For lame back he will football sure prescribe,  
    Also for anything.

They have buried him back in New Brunswick soil,  
    And peacefully there will be rest,  
After his worry and after his toil,  
Far away from the world with its tumult and broil,  
    By the Jemseg he loved the best.

If e'er at Harvard you should chance to be,  
The pompous dean in medicine you'll see  
Is now the fellow whom we called Long Tom ;  
    He stands just nine feet three.

Oh they buried him down in a lonely state,  
Where the houses are filled with rats ;  
But he turns in his grave when the night is late  
And cries in his fury and madness and hate ;  
“ Dahn it all ! Holy Cats ! Holy Cats ! ”

In Tremont Temple every Sunday night  
Is heard a preacher of great weight and might ;  
Beneath the influence of his soothing words  
Whole crowds are led to the light.

I chanced myself one night to worship there,  
And would you know the preacher ? I declare  
Twas Keirstead—greater and more eloquent  
Than when we knew him here.

Oh they buried him down by a hazel grove,  
On the weeping forests hem ;  
But on every Saturday afternoon  
He tries hard from his grave all the clods to remove  
And shouts : “ I must go to the Sem ! ”

Near George's grave two empty cottages are found,  
In one of which if you should look around  
You'll see Roy Miller living all alone ;  
This is his plot of ground.

To this lone land had Roy by love been driven,  
For he the lemon long ago was given  
By her for whom he longed and daily pined,  
In whom he found his heaven.

Oh they buried him down in an unknown land  
On a cold November day ;  
But he turned in his coffin and stretched out his hand,  
He was cold in his box and did loudly demand :  
“ Wait for May ! Wait for May ! ”

The other cottage there to Rex belongs,  
And in it nightly you will hear love songs,  
About the way the girls can capture men  
And tie their hearts with thongs.

Rex Eaton was not born to live alone,  
And so this little house he thought he'd own,  
Where he would bring his wife to live with him  
And hear the forest moan.

Oh they buried him there in the heart of the wood,  
And the fir tree his sleeping place cloaks;  
But Rex does not think that for him it is good  
To be compassed by fir so he raises his hood  
And cries: "Give me Oaks! Give me Oaks!"

Jim Steeves now owns a monstrous western ranch,  
And is a pillar of the church most staunch  
There was not room east for his family large  
So westward Jim did launch.

He found the prairie room enough to cope  
With his demands and give him scope  
To let the children play and sturdy grow;  
This was his fondest hope.

With Jim went Harold Robinson, they say,  
Who learned from Rousseau just the proper way  
To train up children in the latest style  
And not the old fashioned way.

Now Robinson was trained for teaching school,  
And under him no children dared to fool,  
For he was strict as Moses' solemn law  
And loved to swing the rule.

So Robinson grew famous in the west  
And brought Jim's many children up the best  
That possibly could be. The other folk  
To this did all attest.

The preacher in this little western town  
Is one whose name has won most wide renown  
'Tis Arthur Chute of loud stentorian voice,  
From little Wolfville town.

For sixty miles is Arthur heard with ease,  
All quake and shudder when they hear him sneeze ;  
It sounds like thunder and so mighty loud  
It brings them to their knees.

A bandstand for a pulpit Arthur takes,  
And from their sleep the people all he wakes  
When he gives out the opening hymn—  
So loud a shout he makes.

The people hear his voice for miles around,  
And go to church while sitting on the ground  
In their own door-yards. 'Tis the greatest place  
For sure that could be found.

Oh they buried these three on a hillside at last,  
Arthur, and Harold, and Jim ;  
And their deaths were lamented with mournful fast  
By the people for whom they had toiled in the past  
With their cups filled with joy to the brim.

Lona Bulyea and Elsie Porter each  
Attained to fame beyond the common reach  
Of womankind—and certainly of men—  
Their lives a lesson teach.‡

These girls left college with a firm resolve  
That they would woman from her bonds absolve,  
Make her to stand on equal terms with man ;  
The feminine problem solve.

Their names few men can possibly forget,  
For each became a furious suffragette  
And fought with might and main for franchise rights  
And would be fighting yet.

Had they not both been found insane at last  
And separated in confinement fast  
Where they could do no harm to peaceful folk ;  
Thus from us they have passed.

A. Cyril March became an English prof.,  
In Europe, where he caught a fearful cough  
Which made him writhe and sneeze and twist and turn  
And then it took him off.

Oh they buried him out in Saskatchewan,  
On the bank of a little stream,  
But his spirit comes back from the place where it's gone  
And goes wandering hither and thither and yon  
And sighs : " I dream ! I dream ! "

Up high in the heavens somewhere is Miss Slack.  
In 1910 she followed up the track  
Of Halley's comet, overtook the orb,  
And hasn't yet come back.

A tunnel from N. B. to P. E. I.  
Is all the Island's clamor now and cry,  
And for that tunnel all the Islanders  
Will labor till they die.

Hence 'twas that Sterns and Seaman joined their hands  
In partnership for to connect these lands,  
So near together yet so far apart,  
A tunnel it demands.

They had the tunnel almost half complete,  
When suddenly their labors to defeat,  
The sea one day broke through the walls and rushed  
In all around their feet.

So they were caught and penned there in the trap,  
And neither one survived the sad mishap  
But both were drowned. That tunnel has not yet  
A place upon the map.

Stock Simms while at Acadia played football ;  
 He was the midget of the field each fall  
 And every year he grew six inches less  
     Till you could hardly notice him at all.

At last he went completely out of sight  
 In some small service on the field of fight,  
 And though they carefully searched to rout him out  
     He never came to light.

Over the field where the campus had been,  
     An orchard in after years grew ;  
 From the roots of a tree near where Stock was last seen  
 Comes a murmur exactly as he used to sing :  
     “ I want some one to call me dearie, yes by gum, I do.”

Miss Roscoe and Miss Hennigar became  
 In China missionaries hid from fame,  
 They never sought as many others do  
     To gain the world's acclaim.

They spent their lives in dark obscurity,  
 In toiling for those millions o'er the sea,  
 Till by a Chinese famine both were starved  
     And died most peacefully.

A curious fate was saved for Atlee Clarke :  
 Upon the world he thought he'd make his mark  
 By touring round it in his motor car  
     Just for a lark.

Now what it was nobody seems to know ;  
 But something happened which brought down great woe  
 On “ Bezer ” in his car, and made the tank  
     Explode below.

It blew poor “ Bezer ” into atoms small  
 And scattered him in pieces past recall ;  
 To all the winds of heaven it gave a share  
     And left no trace at all.

When Dyas heard about this accident  
Immediately he set about to invent  
Some apparatus to bring "Bezer" back to earth  
From heaven's wide extent.

For years and years in anguish Charlie pined  
For "Bezer," and at last he lost his mind  
From disappointment. Now he madly sings :  
"Good evening Caroline."

Miss Benjamin became a pedagogue,  
But she had so many children to flog  
She wore her life away behind the switch  
And vaporized to fog.

In Salt Lake City you will find Mussells,  
Surrounded by just seven hundred belles  
Whom he calls wives. The other mormons all  
He easily excels.

Oh they buried him down on his mormon farm  
In a pretty, secluded dale,  
Far away from all power of the law to harm ;  
And as peacefully there he lies free from alarm  
For yet more and more wives does he wail.

A corporation lawyer Atkinson  
Became when he his college course had run ;  
And by his skilful knowledge of the law  
All others were outdone.

He knew how to present the weakest plea  
In such a way the jury all must see  
His was the only fair contention, and  
With him agree.

Now Gordon Mac became an architect,  
And he, as you may easily expect,  
Because his work was careful and exact,  
Did soon great wealth collect.

But the increase of wealth, as is always the fate,  
Brought with it an increase of woe ;  
And it turned Gordon's head, so they now do relate  
No more contracts but this he now writes on his slate :  
" I love you Joe !"

One day I thought to Wolfville I'd return  
And see if any traces I could learn  
Of any of the others of our class ;  
So thither I did turn.

As I was strolling slowly down Main Street  
Whom do you think that I should chance to meet ?  
It was none other than my college friend  
Miss Julia Sweet.

She was Vice-principal just now, she said,  
Up at Acadia Sem. The girls she led  
Into the problems of Arithmetic  
And Algebra till they were almost dead.

The Seminary principal was too  
One of our classmates. Everybody knew  
His great attachment for Acadia Sem  
And his devotion true.

So it was that passing years did serve to bring  
To pass this really much expected thing,  
And Elmer Brown at last is now in fact  
The Seminary King.

The purse strings of the institutions three  
To Vernon Chute were given, and we agree  
That nowhere could a greater crank be found  
On things pecuniary.

Ern Bigelow's life had many ins and outs,  
For he was crammed with philosophic doubts  
And I had searched for years to find some clue  
As to his whereabouts.

Impositiveness of all positivism  
Was Ernie's pet belief. Agnosticism  
He now is teaching at Acadia  
As well as new Theism.

Of Ivan Nowlan there's not much to tell ;  
He tried to preach and liked the work quite well  
But wasn't by the people liked at all,  
And so from grace he fell.

When Ivan from the call to preach felt free,  
He made of this his opportunity  
To get a chair and teach his favorite work—  
Political Economy.

Bob Duffy holds the chair of Ethics down,  
Acadia's students give him great renown,  
So also do the students at Mt. A.,  
And folk in Wolfville town.

For Bob united all these interests three  
And made them part of his own family,  
And when there's happier union made than this  
May I be there to see.

Perhaps you can imagine my surprise  
As I one morning saw the great and wise  
And dignified old president arise  
In chapel, and before my eyes

There stood the stalwart, stately, massive frame  
Of old Doc Hughson, looking quite the same  
As I had known him forty years ago  
When he to college came.

He wore a flowing gown and long white beard,  
And was a combination to be feared  
By students wandering from the beaten path  
Or planning actions weird.

His classic brow and fiercely glancing eye  
Would make you cringe and fairly want to die  
If he should find you planning any wrong  
Or catch you in the lie.

Apologetics Doc was teaching now,  
And from his lips the scripture phrases flow  
Majestically and smoothly and with ease  
As many of you know.

But Doctor Hughson's time was growing fast,  
And from us quietly one day he passed  
Into the great beyond; and so he gained  
His longed for home at last.

As the solemn and reverend Doctor waits  
For St. Peter to come and unlock the gates,  
He suddenly yells at the top of his voice :  
"Gosh darn it, open your old dog-house !"

So have scattered and prospered the girls and the boys  
Of a class that was great and was grand,  
Who have scorned life's phantasies, fictions and toys  
And in hardness of work found the greatest of joys ;  
Till by glory now crowned do they stand.

*Willard S. MacIntyre, '10.*



## Valedictory.

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*Mr. President, Fellow Students, Friends :—*

**N**EVER had the great Artist exhibited a more beautiful picture than that which met our eyes when we the class of nineteen ten arrived in this beautiful town. In the background orange, crimson, russet and green all beautifully mingled into one harmonious whole, while in the foreground stood "Acadia" pure, noble and grand. Ah, we thought we loved "Acadia" then but during these four happy years we have learned to love her with a true, deep affection which time never can destroy. As we stood on the brink of our college course and thought of the long journey before us we almost shrank back with fear and timidity, but one by one the years have slipped quietly away and today we stand with just one day's journey between us and our goal. These years though full of labor, toil and perhaps discouragements have, however, been happy ones for here we have come into touch with the great minds and experiences of those who have gone before us; here have our hearts been touched and thrilled by great and wonderful truths; here have we caught visions of great mysteries yet to be revealed.

*Gentlemen of the Board of Governors ;—*

Today we extend to you our heartiest greeting. To you we feel that we owe a deep debt of gratitude. Thanks to your worries, efforts and wisdom Acadia stands today not only on a firm financial basis, but first scientifically, and we may truthfully say, first intellectually among the colleges of our Maritime Provinces. You have made Acadia what she is at the present time, that of which the Baptists of these three provinces may justly be proud. As we leave this our college home we promise that we shall ever be loyal and true to you and our dear "Alma

Mater" and will ever wish for her a bright and glorious future.—  
*Farewell.*

*To the people of Wolfville ;—*

Four happy years we have spent in your town and for all your kindness to us we wish to thank you today. Among the pleasant recollections which we will carry away with us will ever remain fond memories of you and your friendship.—*Farewell.*

*Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Faculty ;—*

It is with feelings of especial regret that we bid you farewell today. In four years we have associated intimately with you. You have fired our hearts with love for the noble, the good and the true, you have ever placed before us high ideals and have caused our hearts to stir with noble ambitions and aspirations, you have instilled within us love and sympathy for suffering humanity and have implanted within our breasts a yearning for those things of value, those things which are the most worth while in life. We regret that we cannot remain longer at Acadia for already have we learned to deeply respect our new President, Dr. Cutten. In him we have recognized true manly character, high intellectual ability, lofty purposes and ideals, and we feel that we are losing by not being permitted to associate longer with him. May we ever be true to your teachings, to the high principles and ideals which you have faithfully endeavored to instill into our hearts and lives.—*Farewell.*

*Fellow-Students ;—*

It is with a feeling of sadness that we bid you farewell today. Happy have been the hours which we have spent together within these walls. Your bright faces and happy voices have ever been a help and inspiration to us and as we go out tomorrow into the "wide, wide world" we will carry ever with us fond memories of you and of our happy days spent together at Acadia. To you we leave all the duties and burdens of college life feeling confident

that you will faithfully fulfil these duties, ever be true to Acadia, and do all in your power to keep up her past excellent records. Toward you we have nothing but the kindest feeling and best wishes for a brilliant and successful future.—*Farewell.*

*Fellow-Classmates* ;—

Four short years ago a happy company of pilgrims we started out courageously to climb the hill of knowledge. Taking as our standard the old Latin motto, "Labor Omnia Vincit" we have pressed patiently onward a happy, joyous band, tarrying here and there to pick the beautiful flowers of truth, now passing through some dark places, now out into the broad fields of knowledge, but tomorrow we must separate and hasten out on the broad highway of life.

"Oh friends and classmates, gliding down the years  
Humanity is calling each and all."

There are many people struggling up this road who having grown weary are already calling to us for help and sympathy. Many burdened and borne down by the heavy cares of life are falling under their loads; others are too weak and helpless to traverse the way alone and are pleading with us to lift them up and help them up the stony pathway of life.

"It will be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;  
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,  
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs."

Oh, let us hasten to them and by the strong chains of faith and love bind them to the great, loving Guide, Christ.

Ah, the way will not be all smooth and beautiful for the great Leader will no doubt lead sometimes over dangerous paths, through ravines and rugged ways, but keeping ever before us our comforting motto, "Labor Omnia Vincit," and keeping ever near to the all-wise Guide let us press boldly and courageously on, let us struggle and labor onward and ever upward remembering that

“ All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And Heaven the heart's true home will come at last.”

Oh Classmates—

“ Live for something, yes, and something  
That is worthy of thy life  
Something that will well repay thee  
When 'tis won, for all thy strife.  
Be not dazzled with the glitter  
And the tinsel of the world ;  
O'er the noble, true and lasting  
Let thy banner be unfurled.

Live for something, God and angels  
Are thy watchers in the strife ;  
And above the smoke of conflict  
Gleams the victor's crown of life.  
Live for something, God has given  
Truly of his store Divine,  
Richest gifts of earth and Heaven,  
If thou willest may be thine.—*Farewell.*

*Sadie M. Dykeman.*





Acadia Graduating Class 1910

## The Class of Nineteen and Ten.

FRANK C. ATKINSON.

*"I love a hand that meets my own, with a grasp that causes some sensation."*



AILING from West Brook in good old Cumberland County, Atkinson entered 1910 as a Freshman. Since he had no outside attractions in Athletics to swerve him from the stern path of duty he assiduously strove toward the obtaining of a B. A. degree, but still found time to be at hand when any fun was in progress. Always of a political bent he did his best to show all good Conservatives the error of their ways, even appearing on the public platform to demonstrate his views. Naturally his favorite study was in the realm of politics and sociology. Acknowledged clever and a "jolly good fellow" "Jingle" found the making of friends especially in his Senior year an easy task. Business pursuits or public life will claim him at no distant date.

FANNIE C. BENJAMIN.

*"Light she was and like a fairy."*

Fan came to us from the shores of Pugwash. Having taken "A" work at Pictou Academy she was able to enter college as a Sophette. She had marked executive ability and was a reliable and capable member of committees. While here she was Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. in her Junior year and chairman of the Executive committee in Propylæum the first term of her senior year. Rather quiet in her manner she was very popular with those who knew her intimately. Like many others Fan goes to the West to teach. Is the star that beckons her thither *work*? Well it may, be, but I doubt it!

## ERNEST W. BIGELOW.

*"Pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have enough of my own."*

"East wind" blew down from Canso into the class of 1910 but by the time he reached Wolfville had died down to so gentle a zephyr that his classmates did not discover him until he entered his senior year.

His active participation in athletics was confined to tennis and on any warm summer day "Ernie" might be found perfecting "cuts" and "drives" on the courts. Bigelow was a good worker in the Y. M. C. A. both as a group leader and a committee man. As a student he was clever but not by any means a "plugger" He was an omniverous reader and thereby broadened his course more than most men taking Arts. In disputation he was rarely equalled. The man who began to argue with E. W. had his hands full. His literary gifts made him a valued and frequent contributor to the Athenæum.

We understand that he intends to take up journalism.

## J. ELMER BROWN

*"I would as soon fight as eat."*

Entering as a Freshman, Brown remained a faithful member of '10. As constant in study as in attendance, at our sister institution, "Irish" always faced the problems of college life with unruffled mien, recollecting that the end of the term must come at last and that the way toward home lay through Truro. His chief interest in sports centered in Track where he worked for the benefit of class and college making the track team in his junior years. We wish him all success in the future, because we believe he possesses the qualifications of a strong man.

LONA J. BULYEA,

*“ Man forms and educates the world :  
But woman educates man ”—*

Lona Bulyea entered the “illusrious precincts” of Acadia as a charter member of the class of '08. She remained with the class two years and then left to pursue work in other directions, returning to enter the present graduating class in the fall of '08. While Lona was with us, she distinguished herself by her exceptionally bright talents along literary lines and won in 1909 the Wilson Essay Prize. Her literary contributions and the use to which her talents were put in the Prop læum Society will be greatly missed during the coming year.

She had a keen penetrating mind and drank deep of the “fountains of knowledge.” She was known alone to her nearest friends and they can readily testify to their deep appreciation and love for her, and will regard her ever as a true and sincere friend.

GEORGE FOSTER CAMP.

*Tho' small he's a wonder,  
An athlete “ By Thunder ”!*

Camp whom we dignified by the appellation of “Father” came to us ripe in experience gained from two years of pedagogic work in New Brunswick. This experience undoubtedly qualified him for the position of teacher in Horton Academy, which position he very successfully filled during his sophomore year.

As a student Camp was among the best of his class. He took honors in Philosophy. He served on the staff of the Athenæum Paper during the second term of his Junior year, and was president of the Society during the second term of his Senior year.

As an athlete “Father's” career was a brilliant one indeed. He made both the football and track teams in his freshman year and continued to do good work for Acadia in both these lines of sport throughout his course. In both his Junior and Senior years he was captain of our victorious track team ; and in the latter

year, of our equally successful football team. He won his distinction cap in both football and track. He also took an active part in basket-ball, playing forward on his class team during the last two years.

But beyond all else "Father's" special line of activity was his daily stroll. Be it cold or warm, wet or dry; "Father," wearing his most complacent smile was never missing from his accustomed walk.

ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

*"I am Merlin,  
I follow The Gleam."*

Anticipations of a brilliant college career have in Arthur's case been fully realized. During his course he has developed in excess of the average man as author, student and orator. It is seldom a student contributes to the Athenæum paper such an abundance of superior matter as Arthur has to his credit. His articles have been perused with appreciation and profit. The literary society received his interested attention. He was a participant in the oratorical contest in both his Junior and Senior years coming off victor on the last occasion. The Y. M. C. A. also profited by his activity. During his earlier college years he was a frequent visitor to the Seminary but during the latter years of his course he seemed satisfied with only a glance Semward. Arthur has selected the pulpit as the sphere for playing his part but we hope he will not wholly discountenance his capacity for influence in the literary world.

VERNON ETHELBERT CHUTE.

*'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.'*

"Brick" joined nineteen-ten in his freshman year, coming from Berwick High School. He early evinced a decided partiality for Sem and Co-ed which fault he never in the least succeeded in overcoming. He was a good student though his social duties

prevented him from devoting much time to the curriculum. Interested in all college activities, he was especially active in the Athenæum Society, serving as treasurer in his Sophomore year. He was also deeply interested in the Athenæum paper of which he was Business Manager in his Junior year and Associate Editor in his Senior year. In recognition of his thrift the Y. M. C. A. made him their treasurer in his last year. Brick will be missed by the absence of his stentorian voice ringing through old Chip Hall.

ATLEE B. CLARK.

*"A woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke."*

Beezer came to us from Bear River but succeeded in living it down. He was a charter member of 1910 and proved a strong class man throughout. He was a stiring lad but did not want every one to know it; he was also a very strong student but he could have applied himself more thoroughly. On committees he did excellent work and with the capabilities he showed as Business Manager of the Base Ball team we look for wonders from Beezer. He remains another year at Acadia taking his B. A., with 1910 and his B. Sc., with 1911.

HENRIETTA A. CRANDALL.

*"Tis the greatest folly  
Not to be jolly.  
That's what I think."*

From the day of her entrance into College as a Freshette to the day of her graduation, "Hett" led the life of an all-round college girl. No social function was complete if she was not there; no committee felt itself competent if she was not a member. Even the ice was not so good at rink on the evenings when Hett stayed home "to plug." Witty, natural, sweet and unassuming she won the hearts of both girls and boys. Every phase of college life received her attention. Work was no detriment to her enjoyment. In the Y. W. C. A. and Propylæum she proved herself an invaluable member. She was President of the latter Society in

the second term of her Senior year and on Class Day she occupied the position of Vice-President of '10. Hett experienced the one sorrow of her course when the Class of '09 graduated; still one would hardly accuse her of appearing lonely even in her Senior year. To those of us who knew her, her future will be of the greatest interest, and we, one and all, unite in wishing her a successful and happy career.

ROBB R. DUFFY.

*"In my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell  
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."*

It was a rare combination of elements, so solid and attractive, that Hillsboro shipped to Acadia in the shape of a Freshman. Once into college life Bob became remarkable for his common sense and natural instincts of refinement.

The first quality made him a valuable committee man. He took an active part in the Athenæum and Science Societies.

The second won for him his position in his set. During his Freshman and Sophomore years, it was the "ladies first the fellows after". Cupid played havoc with his heart, but the object of his attentions went to Mt. A., and for the last two years Bob has led strictly the life of a bachelor.

As for work, Bob regarded it as an immaterial burden. He always had a neutral, indifferent, leisurely air; took things easily but came out well taking his Engineering Certificate as well as his B. Sc. Degree. We feel confident that whatever our "Satan" undertakes he will succeed in accomplishing.

CHARLES REUBEN DYAS.

*"I never trouble trouble, until trouble troubles me."*

Parrsboro's representative in the class of '10 entered at the beginning of the Freshman year. Dyas has been a prominent man in College during his course through his Athletic ability. He

was a fast forward and made the Acadia football team for two years. Besides winning his "A" in football Dyas made the Inter-collegiate Track Team and won his letter in this branch of sport also. As defense on the College basketball team he played a star game. He was a member of the Class Basketball team throughout his course being Captain in his Junior year. Dyas was a fair student, being careful not to overwork, an easy going and likeable fellow and popular among the students.

SADIE M. DYKEMAN.

*"Love one human being with warmth and purity, and thou wilt love the world."*

Miss Dykeman was also a charter member of '10 and one of its most valued members. She was a first class student but did not confine herself strictly to her books. She graduated with honors in Latin and French, doing most of this work in the *leisure* time of her *Senior* year. Of a sunny disposition she was well liked by all in her class. In the girls' societies she was a leader, acting as President of the Y. W. C. A. in her last year with us. The duties of this responsible position she performed conscientiously and well, and it was to her interest and influence that we may attribute this profitable year of the Society. Acadia however did not monopolize her attentions; other institutions figured high in her estimation,—especially the Seminary at Newton Centre. Miss Dykeman's musical ability, her voice just suited for a choir, her natural gift as a leader—all these tend toward making her a success in her future life. May it be a happy one.

REYNOLDS CHARLES EATON.

*"A young Squyer  
A loryer, and a lusty bacheler,  
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.  
Of twenty year of age he was, I gesse."*

Rex came to us in the fall of '06 from Lower Canard. After spending three studious years in Chip Hall—our quiet home for

strayed freaks—Rex moved out into the wilds of the noisy village. Work never did interfere with Eaton's social duties. Rink receptions, parties all looked good to him. On the Campus he supported all the teams. For three years he played on his class baseball team and in his senior year was captain of Acadia's Hockey Team. Eaton was an all-round good fellow and will be much missed by his many friends who wish him all success.

JAMES A. GREEN.

*"He was a very conscientious man."*

James came from "The Island," and ever remained faithful to old Abegweit. He was meek as a freshman and as a soph treated all freshies with mildness. He was greatly opposed to flirting but why did he grow a moustache?

He faithfully pursued his studies and made a very creditable standing in all his subjects. He was ever actively engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, and exerted a good influence over the college men. Jim always wanted to do what was right and invariably did it. He will pursue further studies in Theology, and we look for him to return to Acadia in the fall.

BEATRICE A. HENNIGAR.

*"Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim ·  
What's he to me or I to him?"*

"Bee" hailed from Chester Basin. She was a charter member of '10 and was a faithful adherent of her class up to graduation. Quiet and reserved and very independent the majority of the students knew her but slightly. She was an assiduous worker—a veritable "busy bee," in that she improved every moment while in attendance here. Her standing was high and she will no doubt make good whatever she attempts elsewhere.

FRANK G. HUGHSON,

*"Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."*

Among the most popular members of 1910 we must class Hughson. As a student he was never found wanting and in all

divisions of College life he made himself known. In Athletics "Doc" gave his chief attention to Basket-Ball being one of the college team. The Senior year he made a most capable Business Manager for the football Team. One of the best committee-men we had, he will be much missed in the Athenæum and Athletic societies. We know that Hughson will be successful in whatever line he pursues henceforward.

GEORGE C. F. KEIRSTEAD.

*"Some men are born great, achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them."*

Keirstead was all three in one. After a brilliant course in the St. John High School, George entered the Class of '10. in the Sophomore Year. His career here has been a continuation of his preparatory course. Keirstead graduated from Acadia with a splendid record.

Although an all round man, Kierstead was most prominent on the platform. His ability here was quickly discovered and for three years he helped to bring glory to "Old Acadia," and defeat to her rivals in Intercollegiate Debates.

Keirstead was a good athlete and would have shown up "strong" in almost every branch of sport, had his many other activities permitted his participation. George was at home on the baseball diamond, and easily made his class basket ball teams and managed to spare time for Saturday afternoon "open rink."

The Y. M. C. A. received his hearty support, and his influence on the student body was marked.

The Hunt Oratorical Prize was won by Keirstead in his Junior Year with a brilliant oration.

As Editor-in-Chief of the Athenæum Paper during his last year, he made a good record, maintaining the high standard which this Journal has attained.

Keirstead graduated with honors in Philosophy besides taking the Governor General's Medal. He enters the Christian Ministry and his friends predict for him a brilliant career.

## ARTHUR CYRIL MARCH.

*"I charge thee fling away ambition, for by this sin the angels fell."*

Cyril hails from Berwick but came to us from the breezy plains of Saskatchewan. He spent one year with 1912 but in the next he finished his course and graduated with 1910.

He was a glutton for work and therefore an enigma to some of us.

While he was the best fellow imaginable, when away from his books, he hated to waste a minute and was ever grinding. "Tis but a little while we have to stay and once departed may return no more." He was torn between his love for his books and his devotion to the ladies and when he went wooing his pockets were generally filled with text books and notes.

March had a soaring ambition and we expect that sooner or later, he will hitch his wagon to a star.

He showed decided athletic ability making the track team in his Senior year and was a remarkably strong student completing the B. A., course in two years.

We shall watch with interest his further course.

## WILLARD SPURDEN MACINTYRE.

*"Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse."*

Willard "Spud" was undoubtedly one of the brainiest men in the class of '10. Entering Acadia from the St. John High School as a Charter member he constantly landed "Firsts" from Freshman Math. to St. Paul and was graduated with honors in Classics. Mac has often been heard in the inter-class debates where his analytical mind tore to shreds opposing arguments. As a general rule Mac shunned Athletics though always on hand to suggest and assist. "Spud" was always fond of convivial company and a good time. He could do a great deal more if he tried. He expects to teach Greek and History in the North Adams High School preparatory to studying Law. We shall hear of him later handling "Thaw cases."

## ROY D. MILLER.

*"Think you a little din can daunt my ears?"*

Roy D. Miller was a charter member of the class of nineteen ten. He entered heartily into all the activities of college life. The occupants of Chip Hall soon discovered that he had a voice of some quality. This won a place for him in musical circles. His genial manner opened a place for him in social circles,—though he never forgot "Bear River." His good work in the track sports in his freshman year secured for him a place on the College track team.

Roy was a good student and stood well up in scholarship. In his senior year he was made chairman of the music committee appointed to issue a new song book. This position he filled to great advantage, and though the heaviest of the work fell upon him he discharged his duty faithfully. His jovial disposition and his determination to accomplish whatever task comes to him, will enable him to achieve success in his life's work.

## KATHLEEN MORSE MITCHELL.

*"Woman's at best a contradiction still."*

An ideal college girl was "Kate" who entered her class as a "freshette" and who through her four years of college life was one of its most esteemed members. She was a faithful student taking a special interest in Philosophy. Decidedly original, her ideas for programs and entertainments made her in constant demand. During her course she took part in several college plays in a very acceptable manner. In all the interests of the Societies she was active serving in her senior year as President of the Propylæum Society. We understand that she intends to enter the teaching profession in the West, where we are confident she will prove herself efficient.

## A. GORDON MACINTYRE.

*"So hote he lovede that by nightertale,  
He sleep namore than doth a nightingale."*

St John High School made a valuable contribution to Acadia in the person of A. Gordon MacIntyre. During his four years Mac

was a loyal Acadian, although there were times when Mt. A. seemed to share his affections. He was always in search of new ideas and ever desirous of the advancement of Acadia's best interests. To him, may be attributed the credit of giving Acadia a Handbook unequalled by Maritime Colleges. Gordon always took an active part in the different college societies and ever showed a deep interest in intercollegiate contests. In his Junior year he was business manager of the Hockey team. His motto through college was his first name, "Aimwell."

HOWARD H. MUSSELLS.

*"She is a woman therefore she may be won."*

"Clementsport" (as he was popularly called by those of the inner circle) joined the class of "Ten" in its Junior year. Although he was thus deprived of the "rubs" that are peculiar to under-classmen, yet he soon proved himself a "Jolly Junior" of good standing.

During his college course he became identified with nearly every phase of college life. In Athletics in his Junior year, he made his class basket-ball team. In his Senior year, however, for he dropped out of the game as an athlete, he kept well in touch with Athletics, for he served as president of the A. A. A. A. The faculty being aware of his ability as a disciplinarian elevated him to a position on the House Committee.

Clementsport believed in a liberal well balanced education. Consequently he devoted some of his time to the gentler sex. He, however, was a good student and acquitted himself in a scholarly fashion. With his intellectual ability, his persistency, and geniality, we predict for him a prosperous career.

IVAN S. NOWLAN.

*"By the two-headed Janus, Nature has fashioned strange fellows in her time."*

Ivan came to us from New Tusket, and by reason of his jolly off-hand disposition was soon a favorite with his class. His career

in Athletics finished with the never-to-be-forgotten foot ball game with the Academy in his Freshman year.

He was a hard student and probably read more extensively on any subject he dipped into than any man in the Institution. His strong point was Economics and he may take his M. A., in this branch. He debated for his class in his Senior year, showing the evidence of a thorough course in Logic. Nowlan was one of the orators for commencement.

He was an enthusiast along missionary lines. Under his direction this branch of the Y. M. C. A. work flourished exceedingly in his Senior year.

Ivan intends returning to Acadia to pursue theological studies. He will receive a hearty welcome from all.

ELSIE CLARISSA PORTER.

*"I have a habit of judging things for myself."*

Elsie joined the class of '10 at the beginning of the Junior year. Coming to us with an excellent record we were not surprised when she easily took her place among the first students of the class. Philosophy and English were her special hobbies, and in the latter she graduated with honors.

Elsie may be mentioned because of a number of things:—her height—or rather her lack of height—her laugh, and her ability to put through her work in less time than any other girl in College. In the college entertainments Elsie was known to spare neither herself nor others, and it is in connection with these that she will, perhaps, be the longest remembered.

HAROLD C. ROBINSON.

*"You know him not Sir!"*

Robinson was a charter member of the class of nought nine and remained with this class until the end of his Sophomore year. Thinking that the knowledge gained during those two years should be disseminated at once he decided to remain out a year and teach. He joined the class of nineteen ten in the fall of

nought eight and found his lot cast in such pleasant company that he determined to graduate with the said class. Harold was a quiet studious fellow. He entered very little into the life of the College and therefore was not very well known by his fellow students. He always took a high rank in scholarship yet did not neglect the physical man. He always made his class hockey team, and won the college tennis championship on several occasions. His natural ability as a student will win for him success in whatever profession he chooses to enter.

VIOLA M. ROSCOE.

*"Seek to be good, but aim not to be great; a woman's noblest station is retreat."*

Miss Roscoe was a charter member of the class of '10 and throughout her course she was one of its most loyal supporters. She was a quiet girl and led rather a retired life. She was a faithful and hard student, and was never known to skip a class. She took an interest in both Y. W. C. A. and Propylæum and her services on committees were always well rendered. We wish her success, in whatever she may undertake in the future.

LEE. N. SEAMAN.

*"Oh who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?"*

After teaching for some time in the Manual Training department at Acadia, Seaman joined the Class of '10 and made an excellent record as a student. Known because of his good calm judgment he was always to be relied upon when a ticklish matter was to be decided in any of the Societies. As President of the Athenæum during the last term he made a decided success. Steady going as befitted a Benedict he favorably impressed the faculty as a teacher and so filled well the positions of Instructor in Freshman Mathematics and Physics. We expect to hear of him in future as a Professor in one of our Universities.

STOCKWELL SIMMS,

*"Small of stature.  
Full of ginger."*

On dangerous occasions Stock always proved himself a man of courage. He took great care of his looks and thoroughly enjoyed his college career. He served us well in athletics. He held the class captaincy in both hockey and baseball and easily found a place on the college teams in these sports. In football he revealed lots of *grit* and made a snappy quarter on the college team. In his senior year he made an efficient Track Manager. Each succeeding year Stock evidenced capacity for divers feminine fancies. A shrewd fellow he was always a gentleman and a favorite among the boys. Business life attracts him and we fully trust his sagacity and honesty in his chosen sphere.

MARY EVELYN SLACK.

*"Real Bonnie both in face and heart."*

Miss Slack after having made a brilliant record in Acadia Seminary entered the Sophomore Class in the fall of '07. Evelyn was an all-round college girl, she had an abundance of "Acadia spirit" and was foremost in Athletics—basket-ball in particular. She took an enthusiastic interest in Y. W. C. A. work, and during her Junior year was Vice-President of the Propylæum Society. In studies mathematics was her forte and the "hard grained muses of the cube and square" held a peculiar fascination for brown-eyed Evelyn. After taking so important a part in the affairs of College life, her place will be a difficult one to fill.

We predict for Evelyn a very bright future.

JAMES O. STEEVES.

*"And a merry old man was he."*

"Jolly Old Steeves" left his better half at home, the other half arriving in Wolfville to join '10 as a Sophomore.

Steeves has been prominent in his class and in the Student body. His clear tenor voice made him a valued member of the College quartette and of the Baptist Church Choir. In the Societies "Jimmy's" interest was strong and he served as President of the Athenæum Society in his Senior year. In the Y. M. C. A. he made his influence felt also.

In Athletics Steeves was an enthusiastic spectator rather than an active participant. He was a hard student and capable of doing excellent work and so made a good record in scholarship. He appeared on the platform in interclass debate during his Sophomore year. Steeves will probably go West to follow up the teaching profession in which he had good success before coming to Acadia.

Whether on the stage as the Dutchman "Hans" or among the students he was the same good natured and popular Steeves. He will have the best wishes of his friends for success in the West.

RUSSELL W. STERNS.

*"Give me but  
Something whereunto I may bind my heart—  
Something to love, to clasp, to rest upon."*

Sterns come into the class of '10 as a "jolly junior" from Prince of Wales College. His gifts were of the solid sort. For dogged perseverance and strict application to study he was hard to excel. In matters scientific his interest was unbounded and the Science society profited greatly thereby. His draughting ability was much above the ordinary. Besides making high standing in his Arts course and taking an Engineering certificate, he pursued an extra course of study at the Ladies' Residence during the latter part of his senior year;

His bent is engineering and in this he is certain to be successful.

MINNIE JULIA DEWOLF SWEET.

*"On the lecture slate  
The circle rounded under female hands  
With flawless demonstration."*

"Judy" entered college in her Sophomore year having first graduated from the Seminary in the class of '07. Although quiet and retiring Judy became one of the best liked girls in college. She was a valuable member of both the Propylæum and Y. W. C. A. and was always ready to take her share in whatever work there was to do.

Judy's forte was mathematics in which subject she graduated with honors making an exceptionally high average. She was always willing to lend a helping hand to those poor unfortunates called "repeaters" in the above mentioned subject. We shall miss gentle Judy very much and are sorry that her course at Acadia has finished.

HAROLD THOMAS.

*"Linked sweetness long drawn out."*

Thomas entered Acadia in his Sophomore year coming to us from over the border. He brought with him a great reputation as a basketball prodigy, and upheld his name so well that he was elected college basketball captain in his Senior year. An enthusiastic believer in the college, he took a deep interest in all the societies. A good singer, he was a valued member of the Acadia quartette, "Long Tom" was an easily distinguishable figure in college and we believe he will achieve a proportionate distinction in his future work.

GORDON CHESTER WARREN.

*"The elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the World; this was a man."*

Warren is a living proof that "The Island" can produce other things worthy of note besides "girls and potatoes." His varied

abilities and genial personality made him a favorite from the very start. His ability as a platform speaker won him a place in Acadia's debating team for three years. In his Senior year he proved himself a worthy leader. The faculty early recognized his good sense and while yet a sophomore they gave him a place on the "House Committee." In his senior year he acted as its chairman. But it was the Y. M. C. A. that claimed his special attention, and as its President in his senior year he made an honorable record.

Among other things he was an ardent ornithologist and biologist and few men equalled him in his knowledge of bugs, birds and weeds. As a student he was thorough, excelling chiefly in critical studies. His interest in athletics was only equalled by his love for mathematical subjects.

As far as we know Gordie's heart is free but if he loses himself it will surely be to some one fair of countenance and of weight.

*The Class of Nineteen-Eleven.*





The Editorial Staff of the Acadia Athenæum

Graham Bell, Sec.

# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 8

GEORGE C. F. KEIRSTEAD, '10, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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MARY REBECCA MARSTERS, '12.  
HELEN MARJORIE BATES, '12,

CYRIL DURRANT LOCKE, '11, *Business Manager.*

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## Editorial.

ONE of the great enjoyments which ensues from the completion of a task is the realization of released power and the accompanying sense of an enlarged capacity for increased activity. Our college paper has again gone its rounds and we have placed in its keeping as issue succeeded issue what we believed would faithfully represent College Life at Acadia. If it has conveyed to you, dear reader, a message which has stimulated you to deeper thought or helped to clear your vision or reinforced the loftiest purposes of your life we feel satisfied. To us there has come a consciousness of the real power of a College Journal to help shape the ideals of a complex college life. It is the one constant point of contact in an environment such as ours, between the University and the outside world. It may be made a narrow, lifeless exponent of College Life, or a living current which leaping from heart to heart vibrates throughout the whole organism of closely knit parts. It can best serve the University and the University's supporters

when it stands representative of the enthusiasm, the co-operation, and the loyal support of the one and the sympathy, broader outlook and energy of the other. If we may offer one suggestion to our successors it is that for the attainment of a higher literary standard and the mutual benefits accruing, there must be a closer union between the graduates of Acadia and the Athenæum.

Before laying down our duties we must thank every member of the staff as well as our contributors for the loyal and faithful support we have received. The Athenæum as a paper has a great place in our life. See that it fulfils its mission.

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### ACADIA SONG BOOK.

The Committee in charge of Acadia's new Song Book wish to make a further plea for your support. All who have not yet procured a book may get one by mailing an order for one dollar and twenty-five cents, to Miss Flo. M. Harris, Wolfville. The book is a rare collection of songs and should be possessed by every good Acadian.



### Baccalaureate Sunday.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH, 1910.

ONCE more the friends of Acadia have been drawn to Wolfville to attend her seventy-second anniversary. The many indescribable charms of the town and the "Hill," with the high excellence of the exercises have made this year a memorable one in the history of these beloved institutions. A most auspicious beginning was made on Sunday morning with the delivery of the Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. MacArthur, who for forty years has been pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in New York City. Dr. MacArthur's fame as an eloquent divine was well-known, and the high expectations of all were fully realized.



The Acadia Football Team.

*George H. ...*

After the large graduating class had marched in and taken seats, the service began, with the hall taxed to its utmost seating capacity and many standing.

President Cutten called on A. T. Dykeman to offer the Invocatory Prayer. He was followed by Dr. MacArthur who read the nineteenth Psalm. Mr. Statts, leader of the Bostonia Sextette Club, rendered a very pleasing clarionet solo. President Cutten then introduced Dr. MacArthur, expressing his pleasure in having him to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. The speaker took for his subject "Crowned with many Crowns," finding his text in Revelation, 19, 12.

After a striking description of Moscow, and of the Crown Room of the Kremlin, the repository of the many crowns which the Russian Czar inherits, entitling him to be called the many-crowned Czar, the speaker said :

"But I speak not of earthly Kings, Emperors and Czars. I lift your thought far above earthly princes and potentates. I speak of Him who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. From Revelation 19:12, we learn that 'on his head were many crowns.' I am embarrassed by the glorious richness of my subject. How shall I name and describe these many crowns? They are more in number than man or angel can name. I mention those which suggest dominion over vast domains in heaven and on earth."

#### THE CROWN OF CREATION.

Upon the brow of Christ we find the Crown of Creation. The first verse in the Bible, as we all know, is: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." These are majestic words. Nothing more sublime is found in any literature. The Bible nowhere attempts to prove the existence of God; the Bible as a revelation from God necessarily implies his existence. The verse virtually denies atheism, because it assumes theism; it denies materialism, because it asserts creation; it rejects pantheism, because it declares the personality of God. Were it not that we have become so familiar with this verse, its reading would invoke our admiration and secure our reverence.

This world was once the thought of God, as the engine was once the thought of its inventor. The world is still the thought of God. It is now God's thought materialized, incarnated translated. The mountains are God's majestic thoughts. The stars are God's brilliant thoughts. The flowers are God's beautiful thoughts. Creation speaks to us of his wisdom, his power, and his love. We ought to study creation with this thought in mind as our dominant motive and our lofty inspiration.

The modern conception of the uniformity and the universality of law, does not militate against this truth. Some men speak of the law as if it somehow had a personality and potency of its own ; they incorrectly define law, if they attempt to give it any definition. What is law in this connection? May I attempt a definition? Law is the name which we give to the manner in which we have observed some force to act. If that force be material, we have a physical law ; if it be mental, we have an intellectual law ; if it be moral, we have a spiritual law. Law is not a force, law is a form. Law is not a power, law is a process. Law is not a motor, law is a motion. Law is not an agent, law is an agency. Back of the motion is the motor ; there stands God. Back of the process is the power ; there stands God. Back of the form is the force ; there stands God. Back of the agency is the agent ; there stands God. Alongside of this verse from Genesis we should put the first chapter of John's Gospel. Here we read : "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." If we read this chapter correctly we see that Christ is the Creator ; we have the preexistence of the word ; the coexistence of the word with God, and the divinity of the word.

#### CROWN OF REVELATION.

We see upon Christ also the Crown of Revelation. We have made unwarranted distinction between God's world and God's Word. That is a great mistake. God's world and God's Word are only different parts of God's wonderful book of revelations. There is no contradiction between natural and revealed religion. Natural religion is revealed religion, so far as it goes ; true science

is revelation, so far as it goes. But neither goes far enough, and so both are supplemented by God's fuller, humaner, and diviner revelation contained in the blessed book which we call the Bible.

God is speaking to us in his world. And as we listen to our Father's voice, we may see our Father's face in the person of Jesus Christ, for he has said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

#### THE CROWN OF HISTORY.

We also place upon Christ the Crown of History. What is history? It is not easy to give a satisfactory definition. Perhaps we may say that history is a systematic narrative of events in which man has participated. And all history flows towards the Cross. We find all Hebrew History with its prophets of religion; Grecian history with its wealth of art and culture; Latin history with its law all flow round the Cross.

The history of Christ is the history of man. I believe that God is going before America as truly today as he went before Israel of old, with pillar of fire by night. Jesus Christ is guiding this whole world into fuller light, into larger life, and into diviner work than ever before in the history of humanity.

From the first majestic words of Genesis to the last love-notes of Revelation, this book reveals his glory and chants his praise.

#### CROWN OF REDEMPTION.

We place the Crown of Redemption at the feet of Jesus Christ. I limit the word redemption, for the moment, to our personal Christian experience. I shall not make light of the Church. God forbid. I am too much of a Churchman for that. The Church is the bride of Christ. He came from heaven to woo and win her. I shall not make light of church ordinances. God forbid. They have their place and purpose. I shall not make light of Church Creeds. They have a place and purpose, although not so great as many believe, but still a place. In Christian experience, it is Christ first, Christ last, Christ always. We do not read, "Come unto baptism, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

We do not read, "Come unto the communion for peace and salvation." But Christ said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

#### KING OF KINGS.

The older I grow, the shorter and simpler my creed becomes. Not more creed, but more Christ the Church needs and the world needs. A Christless pulpit is a powerless pulpit. Christless pews are charmless pews.

Let us give Christ the pre-eminence in our studies, in our pleasures, in our homes, and in our business. If a man cannot take Christ into his business, he must have a very bad business, or he must have a very poor religion, probably he has both.

Christ shall be crowned the "King of Kings" in Heaven. Without Christ, Heaven itself would be charmless. You have children in Heaven; you have parents in Heaven. But past the dearest of children, past the best beloved of mothers, you will hasten to cast your joyous crown at his pierced feet. His name will be the sweetest note in your most triumphant song. His presence will give Heaven its chief attraction. There you shall see him face to face; there you shall behold him as "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

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In the evening a very large audience assembled to listen to Prof. Geo. A. Cross, of Newton Theological Seminary, the service being in charge of the College Y. M. C. A. with President Britten presiding. On the platform were also Dr. Calvin Goodspeed, Rev. Mr. Prestwood, of the Wolfville Methodist Church, Rev. Thos. Blackadar and Dr. Cutten. After scripture reading by Rev. Mr. Prestwood, and prayer by Dr. Goodspeed, Miss Melley, soloist, of the Bostonia Sextette Club, rendered a very pleasing vocal selection.

President Britten in a few appropriate words introduced Prof. Cross who took as his subject, "The Call for Christian Leadership." We get our inspiration, said the speaker, from the lives of our great and noble men whose names illumine the pages of history

all down the ages. We find men who are outstanding in history, men around whom history seems to center; men who were leaders of their times. And our present democratic age demands leaders and the need is more insistent today than ever before in human history.

Let us consider the function of a Leader. First he is the interpreter of his age. He represents the thought of his age; the will, and also the feeling of his time. He is a mighty man who can do this. We see in Paul as he stands on Mars Hill in Athens an example of this. In later times we have Calvin and Luther, leaders of their age. The leader must do more than interpret his age; he should, he must, give the burning conviction which is his to the world at large, he must throw himself into his age with all the power and fervor of his being. In Cromwell we see this exemplified. Here a contented and well-to-do country gentleman leaves this life of contentment to serve his country and the world, and men are today beginning to understand the man and his work. And as Cromwell raised up men who lived as he did and loved the same cause, so it is the province of every leader to duplicate himself; to raise up others like himself, to carry on his work, and to awaken in them the knowledge of their latent powers.

Admittedly the task of a leader is a hard one. It requires self-knowledge, self-reverence and self-control. Some have the natural qualifications for leadership. Some of these are to be noted. A leader requires a strong clear intellect; he needs a powerful will and he should have a sound body and a good share of physical strength. This last point is very important. The physical is necessary in order for the mental and higher qualities to manifest themselves to the full. The leader must be strong and he must have good moral judgment. He must not spend time and expend his energies in fighting as men have ever fought over what is of no real importance. He must be a judge of values and distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. A leader must exercise marked moral restraint; he must be a truly temperate man sternly denying himself whatever tends to divert him from

his great work. A leader to be successful must have moral energy. The training of the intellect is of very great importance. Many a noble cause has been ruined by lack of intelligence in its leaders.

In view of this Prof. Cross said he was firmly of the opinion that the leaders of the coming day would be the young men and women of the College.

The students are in the colleges being fitted for leadership and they should strive to fill the best place to which God shall call them.

All over the world there are magnificent opportunities for service and the speaker urged the students to take advantage of these chances for them to play their part as leaders in the world's work.



## Class Day Exercises.

TUESDAY MAY THIRTY FIRST

**C**OLLEGE Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity on Tuesday morning, the attracting feature being the class day exercises of the Senior Class of the University. The Seniors entered the hall to the strains of the professional march well rendered by Miss Josephine Clark and Miss Mabel Elkin. Gordon C. Warren, President of the class was in the chair, and welcomed the visitors in a few well-chosen words. The roll was called by the secretary, Miss Evelyn Slack of Windsor and appropriate references were made to the members, who had succumbed in the fight and were absent on this occasion.

President Warren then presented to the college the clock and system of electric bells recently installed in the college building which President Cutten of the college acknowledged in a pleasing address. Arthur Hunt Chute of Wolfville then read a comprehensive and humorous class history.

The Class prophecy was read by Willard S. MacIntyre of St. John. It was throughout pithy and bright.

A selection by the class quartette Messrs Thomas, Steeves, Miller and Seaman was well received, after which Miss Sadie Dykeman delivered the valedictory, expressing most fittingly the feelings of the graduating class towards those with whom they are no longer to mingle.

The proceedings closed with the rendering for the last time of the oft-heard yell of the class of 1910.

*L. V. M.*



## University Convocation.

JUNE THE FIRST.

ON this day the interest which had steadily grown through all the closing exercises culminated. The morning was as fair as the sun could make it. Outside, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields and the trees, the gold of the dandelions and the buttercups, the pearly whiteness of the apple blossoms, delighted the senses of all.

At the first notes of the processional march the figure of the Marshall, Rev. J. W. Bancroft was seen entering the door followed by President Cutten and the members of the faculty. Then came with stately tread the Governors and the Alumni and last of all the Graduating Class.

The following was the order of exercises.

Processional.....Prayer

Anniversary Song.

Addresses by Members of the Graduating Class.

The Vision of the Northmen.....Arthur H. Chute

The Origin and Significance

of Classical Mythology.....Willard S. MacIntyre

The Forward Call to the Church.....Ivan S. Nowlan

Halley's Comet.....M. Evelyn Slack

## Announcement of Honor Certificates

Sadie M. Dykeman,.....	Latin and French
Elsie C. Porter.....	German and English
Willard S. MacIntyre.....	Latin and Greek
Lee N. Seaman.....	Physics
Evelyn M. Slack.....	Mathematics
M. Julia Sweet.....	Mathematics
George F. Camp.....	Philosophy
George C. F. Keirstead.....	Philosophy
Harold C. Robinson.....	Philosophy

## Conferring of Degrees

Address to the Graduating Class

Announcements

Addresses by Distinguished Visitors

National Anthem

## THOSE WHO WERE HONORED WITH DEGREES.

## CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Atkinson, Frank C., Westbrook ; Benjamin, Fannie, Pugwash; Bigelow, Ernest W., Canso ; Brown, John E., Petitcodiac ; Bulyea, Lona J., Lower Windsor ; Camp, George F., Upper Sheffield ; Chute, Arthur H., Wolfville ; Chute, Vernon E. Somerset ; Clark, Atlee B., Bear River ; Crandall, Henrietta A., Wolfville ; Dyas, Charles R., Parrsboro ; Dykeman, Sadie M., Middleton ; Eaton, Reonolds C., Canard ; Green, James A., Bonshaw, P. E. I. ; Hennigar, Beatrice A., Chester Basin ; Hughson, Frank G., Petitcodiac ; Keirstead, George C. F., St. John ; MacIntyre, A. Gordon, St. John ; MacIntyre, Willard S., St. John ; March, Arthur C., Regina, Sask. ; Mitchell, Kathleen M., Wolfville ; Mussells, Howard H., Clementsport ; Nowlan, Ivan S., Havelock ; Porter, Elsie, Truro ; Robinson, Harold C., Wolfville ; Roscoe, Amy, V. M., Wolfville ; Simms, Stockwell, St. John ; Slack, M., Evelyn, Windsor ; Steeves, James O., Prince William ; Sweet, Minnie J., Billtown ; Thomas, Harold, Wollaston, Mass. ; Warren, Gordon C. North River.

## CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Duffy, Robb R., Hillsboro; Miller, R. D., Bear River; Seaman, Lee N.; Charlottetown; Goucher, Fred, Shand, St. Stephen; Sterns, Russell W., Charlottetown.

## CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

Mary Irene Currie, Sociology; Louis M. Duval, History and Economics; Frank H. Eaton, Economics and Sociology; Frederick G. Goodspeed, Economics and Sociology; Mrs. F. G. Goodspeed, Economics and Sociology; Gordon H. Gower, Economics and Sociology; Charles Nelson Gregg, Economics and Sociology; Frank L. Woodman, Economics and Sociology.

## HONORARY DEGREES.

Doctor of Divinity—Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, Rev. William F. Armstrong, Rev. David Hutchinson.

Doctor of Civil Law—Dr. Charles F. Myers.

Master of Arts—Amos O'Blenis, Alexander McKay, Dr. M. C. Smith.

The orations were given with a fluency and spirit rarely equalled even on Acadia's platform. Arthur H. Chute in his essay on the Vision of the Northmen fascinated the audience with his splendid diction. In his essay William S. MacIntyre rivetted the attention of all as he discoursed on a subject that might be called "dry" to say the least. Ivan S. Nowlan gave out a clarion note as he portrayed the necessity for the church to take a firm stand in the discussion of social problems. Amid all the flood of magazine and newspaper articles on the origin, action and destiny of Halley's Comet, we have read nothing that was so graphic as Miss Evelyn Slack's essay on the above topic.

After the conferring of the degrees President Cutten delivered a strong earnest message on the gospel of work to the graduates "The best that Acadia had done for them" he said "was to give them an opportunity for hard work."

Among the distinguished visitors who took part were the Rev. Dr. MacArthur of New York, and the Dr. Bryce of Winnipeg. These in well chosen words voiced their appreciation of Acadia's work and the mission of duty that lay in the path of each student.

C. A. B. '11

## Conversazione.

SEVERAL new features added interest this year to the gathering on Wednesday evening. First of all of course being the Testimonial to Dr. R. V. Jones, whose jubilee was celebrated this year. For fifty years Dr. Jones has served Acadia as a teacher, and his valuable services were fittingly recognized on this occasion by the presentation of an appreciative address and generous purse. In addition to this the announcement of Prize Winners and presentation of the prizes took place.

Dr. Cutten presided in his able and pleasing way. The first announcement was the Winner of the Governor General's Medal for highest standing in the last three years of the course. The naming of George C. F. Keirstead as the winner of this coveted honor worked hearty applause.

The Winner of the Ralph M. Hunt Prize of twenty-five dollars for excellence in Oratory was already known to many. Arthur H. Chute, one of those who delivered their graduation essays was the winner of this honor.

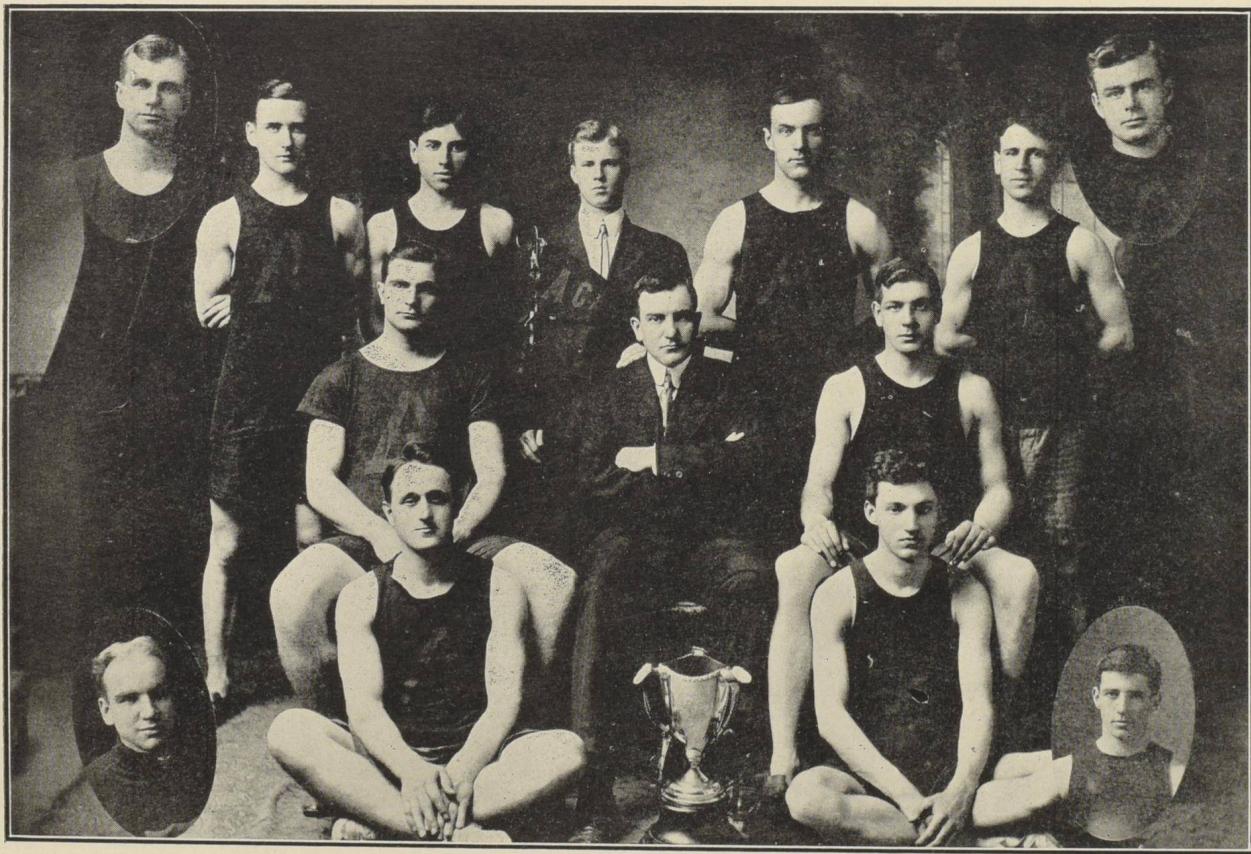
The prize of forty dollars to the student of the class of '11 making the highest standing in his Sophomore year donated by the Class of 1908 went to C. D. Locke.

The Wilson Essay Prize of twenty-five dollars for which the competition was very keen was won this year by Miss Helen Bancroft.

The E. L. Gates prize of fifteen dollars for the most marked improvement in English in the Freshman year was given for the first time the winner being Lawrence T. Curry of Sydney.

The Wilson prize for elocution open to the Freshman and Sophomore Classes took the form of a declamation contest this year, the prize in this had been won by A. De W. Foster.

The B. H. Thomas Prize for highest standing in Mathematics in the Freshman year had been divided between H. R. Haley and I. L. Illsley who had the same standing.



The Acadia Track Team

Graham-Wolfville ]

Dr. Cutten now called on E. D. King to come to the platform. Mr. King asked Dr. Jones to come forward and presented him with a large cheque the gift of graduates, who in former years had been under his instruction. Dr. Jones made a fitting reply, expressing his gratitude for this expression of esteem. He recounted memories of the past and in his inimitable manner related incidents of past years in connection with his work here on the Hill. After a few closing remarks by Dr. Cutten, the many friends of Dr. Jones who were present crowded round him to offer their congratulations and best wishes.



### How Acadia Won The Track Cup.

**T**HERE is always a great deal of interest in the Intercollegiate Track Meet between Acadia, Mount Allison, and the University of New Brunswick. This year, however, there was more than usual interest, which statement could easily have been justified had you at almost any day after mid-year examinations dropped into the gymnasium between the hours of four and six. There one could see the athletes of Acadia practising the high-jump and pole-vault, getting into form for the sprints and hurdles, and training for the weights. The apparent cause and deep interest was due to the fact that if the 'meet' should be won by Acadia this year, the track cup which had been won by our men four times and was now in our possession, should remain the permanent property of Acadia's Athletic Association. Every athlete realized what his duty was and responded with careful training.

As our Spring was very early, no later than two weeks before Easter, a number of the most faithful trainers could be seen, at the hours above stated, "chasing the cup" between the college residence and ex-mayor Black's. The results of this early training was evidenced in the exceptionally good showing made at the first trial 'meet' held on the early date of April twenty-ninth.

As the season advanced interest became greater, and the daily papers were carefully watched in order to catch some gleam of what

Mt. A. and U. N. B. were doing. Soon,—all too soon,—May twenty-fifth arrived and the following team started for St. Stephen,—for there the 'meet' was to take place.

Camp '10 (Captain), sprints; Roy, '11, sprints, broad; Atkins, '13, sprints; Robinson, '11, sprints, shot; Corey, '11, mile; March, '10, mile; Spurr, '11, broad, hurdles; Porter, '11, jumps, hurdles; Donaldson, '13, high, pole; Howe, '13, high, pole, hammer; Page, '11, weights; Fitch, '11, shot.

The strong winds and showers gave evidence of a rough passage across the bay, but all were happily surprised to find the water comparatively smooth.

The morning of the twenty-seventh on which the track meet was to take place was dark, cloudy, and discouraging. As it had rained for the two preceeding days the hopes of having a good track were almost annihilated. But about 10.30 the sun began to break through and although the grounds were not in good shape, they were much better than had been expected. Despite the condition of the grounds one record was broken and another equalled. Corey broke the mile record,—running the distance in 4:51 2-5, with March following 1-5 sec. later. This was a feature of the day. The start was fast,—the two Acadia men being the last to reach the 660 yds. mark. They began to forge ahead however gradually pulling away from all the other competitors, so that when Corey and March broke the tape about a yard apart, the nearest competitor was between sixty and seventy-five yds. behind. The former record was held by Atkinson, Mt. A., 4 min. 55 sec. Thus two Acadia men finished in more than three seconds short of the record.

Ryan of Mt. A. equalled the record of 10 2-5 sec. for the 100 yds. held by Black, Mt. A. and J. E. Howe, Acadia.

Another feature of the 'meet' was the 440 yds. dash. At the 220 yds. mark, Robinson of Acadia was led by Cockrane, Mt. A. by 25 yds.; but the distance was soon closed and Robinson was an easy winner in 51  $\frac{3}{4}$  sec.

The following is a summary of the events in the order of occurrence:—

*First Heat 100 yards.*

First, Camp, A., second, Ryan, Mt. A. Time  $10\frac{3}{4}$  sec.

*Second Heat 100 yards.*

First, Roy, A., second, Binney, U. N. B. Time  $10\frac{3}{4}$  sec.

*Shot Put.*

First, Fitch, A., second, Lank, U. N. B. Page, A. Distance 35 ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

*Final Heat 100 Yards.*

1st, Ryan, Mt. A. 2nd, Roy, A. 3rd, Binney, U. N. B. Time 10 2-5 sec.

*High Jump.*

1st, Howe, A. 2nd, Porter, A. 3rd, Brooks, U. N. B. Height 5 ft.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

*Broad Jump.*

1st, Roy, A. 2nd, Porter, A., 3rd, Brooks, U. N. B. Distance 20 ft.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*220 Yards Dash.*

1st Robinson, A. 2nd Camp, A., 3rd, Ryan, Mt. A. Time 23 4-5 sec.

*Hammer Throw.*

1st, Page, A. 2nd, Lank, U. N. B., 3rd, Cockrane, Mt. A. Distance 105 ft. 5 in.

*440 Yards Dash.*

1st, Robinson, A., 2nd, Cockrane, Mt. A. 3rd, Johnson, U. N. B. Time  $51\frac{3}{4}$  sec.

*Pole Vault.*

1st, Howe, A., and Spicer, U. N. B., 3rd, Kuhring, U. N. B. and Gardiner, Mt. A. Height 9 ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$  in.

*Mile Run.*

1st Corey, A., 2nd, March, A., 3rd, Dickinson, Mt. A. Time 4 min. 51 2-5 sec.

*First Heat 120 Yards Hurdles.*

1st, Porter, A., 2nd, Armstrong, U. N. B. Time  $17\frac{1}{2}$  sec.

*Second Heat 120 Yards Hurdles.*

1st, Kuhring, U. N. B. 2nd, White, Mt. A. Time  $18\frac{1}{2}$  sec.

*Final Heat 120 Hurdles.*

1st, Armstrong, U. N. B., 2nd, Kuhring, U. N. B., White, Mt. A. disqualified. Time  $17\frac{1}{2}$  sec.

At the finish of the first heat of the hurdles the Acadia men had to run for the train, and as it was two men were left and came out on a special. This answers for Acadia's failure to score in the hurdles. Porter was easily a better man in this event than Armstrong who took first place after Acadia had left for the train. Had Acadia been able to stay for the hurdles she would have broken her record score of the year 1908, as shown in the table below.

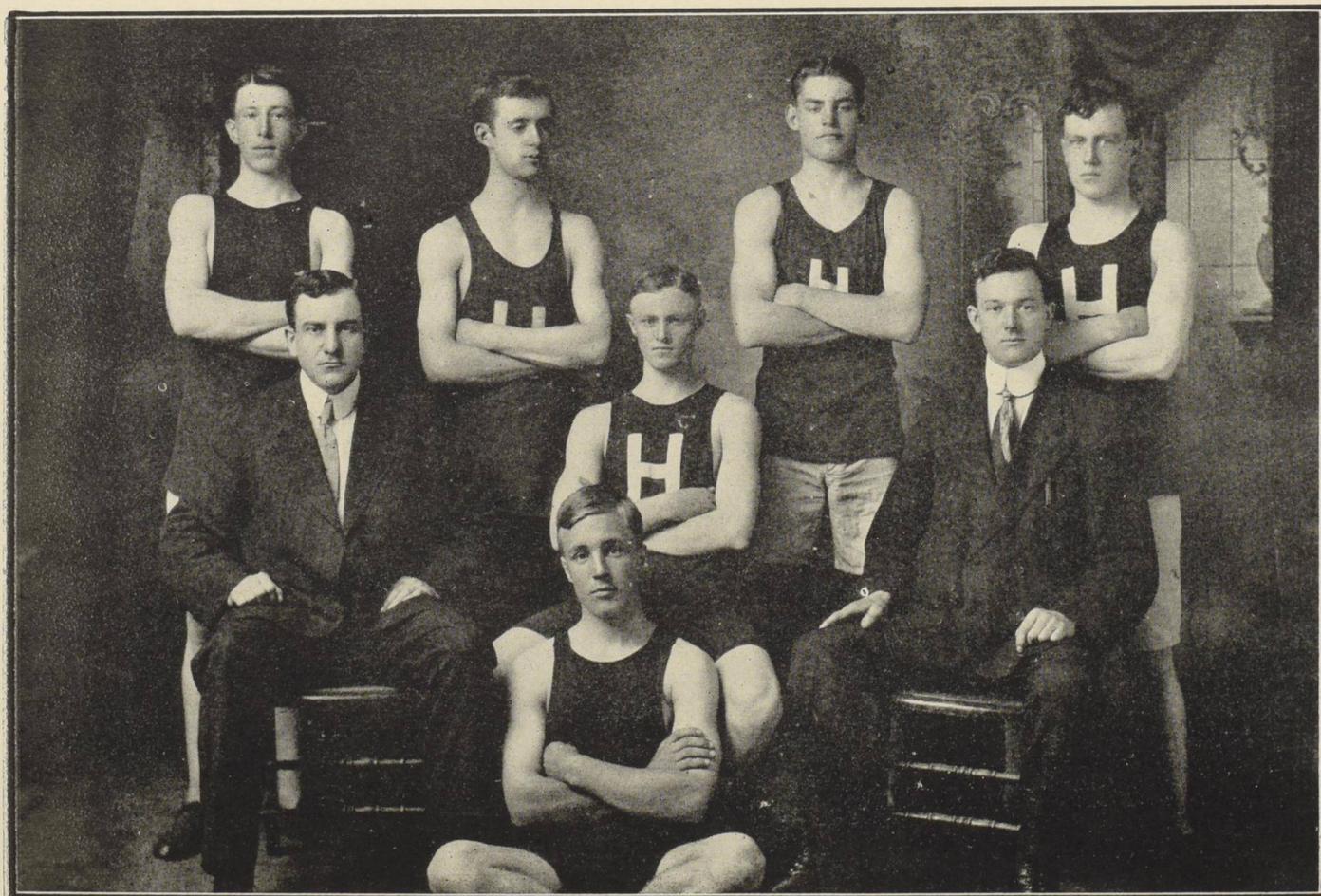
The result of the 'meet' was a win,—a win by a handsome margin for Acadia. The splendid work of the individual men is shown above, while that of the team is shown by the following summary in points:—

Acadia, 53 : U. N. B.  $24\frac{1}{2}$  : Mt. A.,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ .

Thus for the fifth time has Acadia won the Maritime Intercollegiate Track Trophy out of the eight times for which it has been competed, and according to the articles of donation it passes into the permanent possession of Acadia's Athletic Association, and will be a memoir of the prowess of Acadia on the athletic field to the students who will attend Acadia in the future. The following is a summary by years:—

	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
Acadia	36	45	$44\frac{1}{2}$	42	$22\frac{1}{4}$	54	40	53
Mt. A.	$41\frac{1}{2}$	33	.....	29	$27\frac{3}{4}$	10	31	$11\frac{1}{2}$
U. N. B.	$12\frac{1}{2}$	12	$45\frac{1}{2}$	19	40	26	19	$24\frac{1}{2}$

To Mr. J. E. Howe we are greatly indebted for his faithful coaching all through the season. To his services together with



The Academy Track Team

*Graham-Wolville*

his large scoring in past years we largely owe the winning of the track trophy.

This has been the greatest victory of all our numerous athletic victories for the year 1009-10. Who will say the record is not a splendid one? Who is there among us who is not thoroughly 'moved' by the motto "What we have we'll hold"?

*A. R. K. '11.*



### **Inter-Class Field Day.**

THE usual amount of enthusiasm was manifested at the annual inter-class track meet held on Tuesday afternoon May thirty-first. The rain of the preceding days made the track too heavy for fast time in the runs. The field events however were of a high order.

The athletics were stimulated not only by the excellent prizes donated by the town merchants, but also by the competition between '11 and H. C. A. for the inter-class trophy.

Porter won the broad in a pretty jump of 20.7 and tied with Goss, H. C. A., in the high jump at 5.4½. Higgins, H. C. A. made a new record of 9 ft., 9½ in. in the pole vault and Fitch in the shot fell only two inches short of the Acadia record of 37.4 ft.

Much was expected from Corey in the mile run but the track being heavy and having no opposition, he jogged around in 5.1¼. All the events were keenly contested and the H. C. A. Athletes showed up in splendid style. The honors however fell to the class of '11 who scored 54 points.

### Base-Ball Notes.

**T**HE first game was played in Truro and won by Acadia's team with a score of 8-2. On Wednesday afternoon June first the opposing teams met on the College Campus and victory again rested with Acadia in a score of 8-4. The game was loose at times but our men had a decided superiority both in batting and in fielding the ball. Acadia's nine were snappy and maintained her excellent record in the other branches of Athletics. The line-up was: Black, C. ; Reid, P. ; Thomas, 1st B. ; P. Andrews, 2nd B. ; Titus, 3rd B. ; Percy Andrews, S. S. ; Kenney, L. F. ; Murray, R. F., Stultz, C. F.

W.



### The Year in Athletics.

**S**ELDOM, if ever, in the history of Athletics at Acadia has there been a year to which we may look with more satisfaction than that just finished. As a result of the strenuous efforts of our teams and the ardent support of loyal Acadians we may look with pardonable pride upon the trophies which we have won from our old opponents in every branch of intercollegiate sport and more gratifying than the fact that we have won is the knowledge that we have won fairly and well. The interest in Athletics has been general and well sustained, practices well attended and interclass sports well contested.

In our organization the A. A. A. A. there has been as usual, causes for dissatisfaction and here as well as elsewhere, there should be business-like methods and true sportsmanship. Through no fault of President Mussells the business of the association has been loosely conducted and the funds carelessly and perhaps wastefully spent. The meetings have been poorly attended, motions passed with little or no discussion and the interest in general weak. The greater part of the student body has been content to lay upon



The Acadia Hockey Team

*Graham-Weirille*



The Senior Basket Ball Team  
(Winners of the Inter-Class Basket Ball League)

*Grady W. Kille-*

a few the responsibilities rightfully theirs since we have all an equal share in the A. A. A. and should each take pride in its well-being. There has been noticeable a slight tendency to "do" the Association which must be due to thoughtlessness for surely if we were in sport for sport's sake we should be free from any taint of selfishness and scrupulous in our relations with each other.

With the opening of the football season in October we had lively interest strong support and abundance of material. **Hard** and constant training was the watchword. Early every morning "Gabriel" echoed through Chip Hall and every afternoon we gathered, with determination upon the campus.

Under the guiding hands of Capt. Camp, the "Bar" and Mr. Howe, whose services as a coach were invaluable, we quickly developed a quick snappy scrim and an aggressive scoring half line "all of which proved to be very good papers," securing the King Richardson trophy for another year. The following is the result by games.

Acadia vs. Crescents.....	3-3
Acadia vs. Wanderers.....	8-0
Acadia vs. U. N. B.....	8-3
Acadia vs. Mt. A.....	5-0
Acadia vs. Dalhousie.....	0-13

Acadia's prospects for football next fall are bright and we feel that we can put up an aggressive team Basket-ball was well patronized and the interclass league well contested being won by the Seniors. Our game with U. N. B. in which we were outclassed proved that basket-ball is with us a secondary issue and until we can put more into it, should not be an intercollegiate sport.

With the return after Christmas vacation came the reawakening of interest in hockey and the oft-repeated question. Can we put up a winning team? We saw that we had material for a good team, but all must admit that, remembering Acadia's past weakness in hockey, we did not give the team the confidence they deserved. By good consistent work, though handicapped by lack of practice, a strong team was turned out which to our great elation landed the

Sumner Trophy for the first time by defeating U. N. B. 3-2 and Mt. A. 8-2. Next year we must put more into hockey and raise it to the standard we have set for football and track. We need and must have more practice and an interclass league is a necessity. Our prospects in Hockey for next year are bright. Let every man give the hockey his support and show the boys that we expect them to win again.

Exams through and hockey done our thoughts turned once more to track and gymnasium practice was soon under way. In this important phase of our training too little interest was taken and too little accomplished. We were, however able to get upon the campus unusually early and strenuous efforts were made to get the team in shape. It was soon evident that we had a strong well-balanced team and our hopes for permanent possession of the trophy rose high. How these hopes were realized when in St. Stephen, on May twenty-seventh we matched our strength with U. N. B. and Mt. A. is now an old story but those, who through the long and often dreary grind of training were unstinting in their efforts, will not soon forget it.

The Interclass Field meet was of a high order though bad weather and the absence of many athletes made poor competition in some events. The honors were divided between 1911 and H. C. A. and while 1911 won easily the showing of H. C. A. seniors leads us to expect much of them on Acadia's future teams.

Throughout the spring the campus was alive with devotees of tennis, baseball, and track and while there was as usual, more or less conflict each sport received its due share of attention. Our baseball team was the best of many years and for the practice attained did excellent work defeating Truro on May twenty-fourth 8-2 and on June first 8-4.

The following men have, during the past year been granted their A. in recognition of services on Acadia teams.

In Football, Howe, Andrews. Spencer.

In Hockey, Corey, Murray, Black, Curry.

In Track, March.



The Surveying Class

*Graham Watson et al.*



*Graham-Wolfville*

**A Year's Trophies, representing Acadia's Championship in the Four Intercollegiate Contests—Football, Hockey, Debating and Track**

Athletics at Acadia have under the guidance of President Cutten and by the desire of all, been placed on a sane and a sound basis and now, at the time of separation, as we review what has been for us a banner year, we should feel the smile of Fortune to be an incentive to more concerted action and more determined efforts that, next year, we may be strong wherein we are now lacking and what we have done we may again do. Let every man come back prepared to work for the common gain and to play the game as it should be played.

*H. B. F. '11.*



### **Y. M. C. A.**

**T**RUE success in Y. M. C. A. work is not easily gauged. In athletics silver trophies mark our victories. In debate the seventh winning spells out our achievements in the forum. But real success in the higher and more vital matters of true living is not so easily made manifest.

In a society such as ours, composed of young college men, the matter of prime importance is the value set by its members upon the Christ ideal of life. The efficiency of the Association depends upon the tone of the spiritual life and earnestness of the active membership. Now just here we would hesitate to report great progress; it has been rather about the average. The Wednesday evening meetings have been well attended; and the Sunday morning prayer services, though smaller than might be desired, have been characterized by a decidedly high spiritual tone. They are easily our best religious services. A series of eight special meetings, conducted in a quiet, unpretentious manner, resulted in a deepening of the religious life of the professed followers of Christ and we trust some seeds have lodged in good ground to yield a rich harvest in the days to come.

Bible Study has been conducted as usual by the group system. The third year of the successful working of the system has proved its feasibility. About eighty-five men were enrolled in the eight

groups meeting during the first term of the college year. The aim of the Bible Study in the colleges is the cultivation of the habit of daily, systematic study of God's Word. This ideal has not been reached at Acadia. But who can estimate the immense value and far-reaching influence of the bringing of young life weekly into vital touch with that Book of Truth which has transformed the lives of men down through the ages.

In missionary matters we report substantial progress. Mission Study classes were held during the second term. Over seventy-five men were enrolled in the seven groups held. This study is growing in popularity at Acadia. It means much to bring students, through these studies, face to face with the problems of the "evangelization of the world in the present generation" and to impress upon each his duty in solving that problem.

At the beginning of the year the Volunteer Band numbered only two members. Another volunteer was found in the Freshman class. During the year five young men and two ladies joined the band, making a total of ten members. About one hundred and twenty-five dollars have been raised toward the support of Rev. J. A. Glendenning of India.

Our Association was represented by large delegations this year—seven at Northfield and five at the Maritime Convention at Fredericton. These gatherings, pervaded as they always are by a deeply devotional spirit, resulted in a spiritual uplift to the delegates and in some cases in a marked reflex benefit to the Association. Through the assistance of the Board of Governors and the voluntary subscription of the student body, we were enabled to send a delegate to the Student volunteer Convention at Rochester.

Another point of decided advance was made this year in the matter of a Hand Book. For the first time our Association issued a Hand Book of which the student body was not justly ashamed. This year a student could take his Hand Book from his pocket in the presence of a stranger with a feeling of pardonable pride. A copy was mailed to each member of the incoming Freshman class during the summer. It gave them needed information at the right time and brought them at once into touch with the Y. M. C. A.

A series of four Sunday afternoon lectures were held during the year. These proved helpful and more lectures on subjects vital to Christian living and on the choice of a life work might be delivered with profit to the student body. *G. C. Warren, '10.*



The Pierian Department Editors  
(of Acadia Seminary)

*Graham-Wolfville*

## The Pierian

(*Of Acadia Seminary.*)

**T**HE graduating recitals of Acadia Seminary began this year on Friday, May sixth, and were six in number, consisting in each case of a programme rendered by a graduate in piano or vocal music, assisted by a reader, also graduate in elocution. The character of the performances fully justified the ever-growing popularity of the departments represented, and reflected the highest credit upon teachers and pupils.

The next event of interest in the Seminary exercises was the Class Day celebration of the Seniors. In spite of rain, College Hall was crowded. Miss Annie Chambers, president of the class, welcomed the guests and directed the proceedings admirably. Following the apt quotations given as responses to the roll-call, came a vocal solo by Miss Annie Miller, the vice-president, and the presentation to each member of a gift, humorously typical of her character, or reminiscent of some event in her Seminary career. Then a versified "Class Alphabet," ingeniously introducing the name of each member and recalling the class history of the year was read by Miss Myrtle Van Wart of St. John; two musical numbers were given,—a vocal trio by Misses Annie Miller, Helen Knowles, and Mable Elkin, and a piano solo by Miss Enid Higgins; and lastly a physical culture drill by thirty young ladies in Greek costume,—a feature of the entertainment quite new and highly enjoyable. The conclusion of the programme was the singing of a class ode, composed by Miss Emma Taylor.

The evening of Tuesday, May thirty-first attracted unprecedented crowds, and closed the best year in the history of the Ladies' Seminary. The programme and list of graduates was as follows:

### THE SEMINARY CLOSING.

Processional—Coronation March.....Meyerbeer

Misses Helen Corey and Gertrude Burditt.

Prayer.

- Pianoforte Solo—Kammenoi-Ostrow .....Rubinstein  
Myra Borden Chambers
- Essay—L'Hotel Rambouillet  
Gwendolyn V. Shand
- Vocal Solo—Gloria .....Buzzi-Peccia  
Helen A. Knowles
- Essay—The Effect of Oratory on National Life  
Emma E. Taylor
- Pianoforte and Violin—Sonate No. 2 D minor.....Gade  
Mrs J. C. Ringwald and Miss Louise Paulsen.
- Essay—How we got our English Bible  
Annie E. Chambers
- Pianoforte Solo—Valse brillante.....Moskowski  
Beatrice S. Rockwell
- Address—Prof. J. B. Hall, B. A., Ph. D., Truro, N.S. Acadia 1873  
Presentation of Diplomas  
Award of Prizes  
God Save The King.

### THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Collegiate Course—Gladys Page Archibald, Truro; Mary Mills Armstrong, Annapolis; Freda Hope Christie, River Hebert; Laura Blanche Curtis, Hartland, N. B.; Florence May Lewis, Brownville; Me.; Jean McLatchy, Campbellton, N. B.; Maud Vivian Ross, Reserve Mines; Emma Elizabeth Taylor, Sydney.

Sophomore Matriculation Course—Lila Vivian Corbett, Lakeville; Daisy Locke Eaton, Lower Canard; Anita Merle Elderkin, Amherst; Mary Kathleen Hoare, Halifax; Margaret Caroline Neill, Oyster Beds Bridge, P. E. I.; Lena May Nowlan, Havelock, Digby Co.; Emma Sophia Oxner, Chester Basin; Gwendolyn Vaughn Shand, Windsor; Myrtle Gladys VanWart, St. John; Lois Eva May Wentzell, Mahone.

Pianoforte Course—Bessie Abigail Budd (2), St. Stephen; Mary Borden Chambers (1), Wolfville; Mabel Tabor Elkin (2), St. John; Enid Evelyn Higgins (1), Wolfville; Elsie Rosalie King

(3), Truro ; Helen Arabelle Knowles (1), Avondale ; Hattie Carlyle Longard (3), Halifax ; Annie Laura Martin (2), Gaspereau ; Annie Stewart Miller (3), Bear River ; Beatrice Southern Rockwell (1), Wolfville ; Grace T. Ruffee (3), Wolfville ; Grace K. Skinner (2), Wolfville ; Daisy Elizabeth Sleep (3), Wolfville.

1. Artist's Certificate. 2. Teacher's Course Certificate. 3. Teacher's Course Diploma.

Elocution Course for a Diploma—Annie Elizabeth Chambers, Brooklyn ; Jean McLatchy, Campbellton, N. S.

Course in Art for Diploma—Dorothy Eva Shand, Windsor.

Vocal Course for Certificate—Helen Arabelle Knowles, Avondale.

Course in Household Science—Mary E. Calhoun, (1), Gaspé, P. Q. ; Minnie May Chute (1), Waterville ; Marian Althea Eaton (1), Lower Canard ; Edythe Reade (2), Wolfville.

1. Diploma in Normal Course. 2. Certificate in Home Maker's Course.

Certificates of Standing—Violet Evelyn Bishop (1), New Minas ; Muriel Jessie DeWolfe, (1), New Minas ; Margarite Hicks (2), Bridgetown ; Lillian Ruth Hicks (2), Bridgetown ; Lillian Ruth Hicks (2), Clementsport ; Shirley Gertrude Mitchell (2), Fargo, N. D.

1. Certificate of Standing in Collegiate Course. 2. Certificate of Standing in Pianoforte Course.

#### THE PRIZE WINNERS.

The prizes were awarded as follows :

The Payzant Prizes—The \$20 prize for general excellence and highest standing in all English branches throughout the year was awarded to Miss Laflamme, Wolfville.

The French prize of \$20 was awarded to Miss Florence Snell, Alma, Albert Co., N. B.

The \$20 prize for the greatest efficiency in pianoforte was awarded to Miss Helen Knowles, Avondale.

The St. Clair Paint Scholarship open to students in the collegiate course is divided into two parts, \$30 for the first honor and and \$20 for the second honor. The first one of \$30 was awarded to Miss Emma Pattillo, Truro. The second honor of \$20 was awarded to Miss Mary Armstrong, Annapolis.

The Governor General's medal for general excellence in English Essay work was awarded to Miss Emma Taylor, Sydney.

Through the generosity of Capt. Pratt of Wolfville additional prizes of \$5 each were awarded to Miss Lois Wentzell, of Bridgewater, Miss Florence Snell, of Alma, N. B., for excellence in Essays upon Biblical Subjects.

#### DR. HALL'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Hall's address to the graduates was earnest and forceful "Education" he said "should make our homes more cheerful and more beautiful, should raise the standard and ideal of social life should inspire church activities and should improve the whole environment of human life."

After the announcement of prize-winners, the president of the class came forward and presented, as the class gift of this year to the Seminary, a cheque for \$60, to be devoted to the purchase of a reflectoscope for use in the art and science departments.

The Seminary is sustaining a great loss in the withdrawal of Miss Wells, who has performed the arduous duties of Vice-principal for three years. Her good judgment, strong sense of justice, tact, and untiring devotion to duty will be found hard to equal.



The Sophomore Base-Ball Team  
(Winners of the Inter-class Base-Ball League)

*Graham-Walpole*

### The Seminary Art Department.

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**F**ROM three to six o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, May thirty-first there was held in Alumnæ Hall an art exhibition which was attended by hundreds. From two to four in the classroom was held the graduating exhibition, of a very gifted Seminary student, Miss Dorothy Shand.

Visitors were received by Miss Shand, and by the efficient director of the art department, Miss Andrew under whom results are being secured in which the institution may and does take pride.

Critical persons present who examined Miss Shand's work expressed astonishment at its variety and excellence—it included water color sketches, studies in black and white, in oil, china painting, metal work, and work in leather.

The exhibition was representative of the general work of the students at the Seminary and it was very interesting to note, the progress made, as, "beginning with the beginners," one examined the whole collection. Much of the work showed great promise and several of the pupils will doubtless be heard from next year.

## The Lyceum

(Of Horton Academy.)

EDITORS—CLYDE W. ROBBINS, W. HARRY FRED A,  
FRED E. GULLISON.

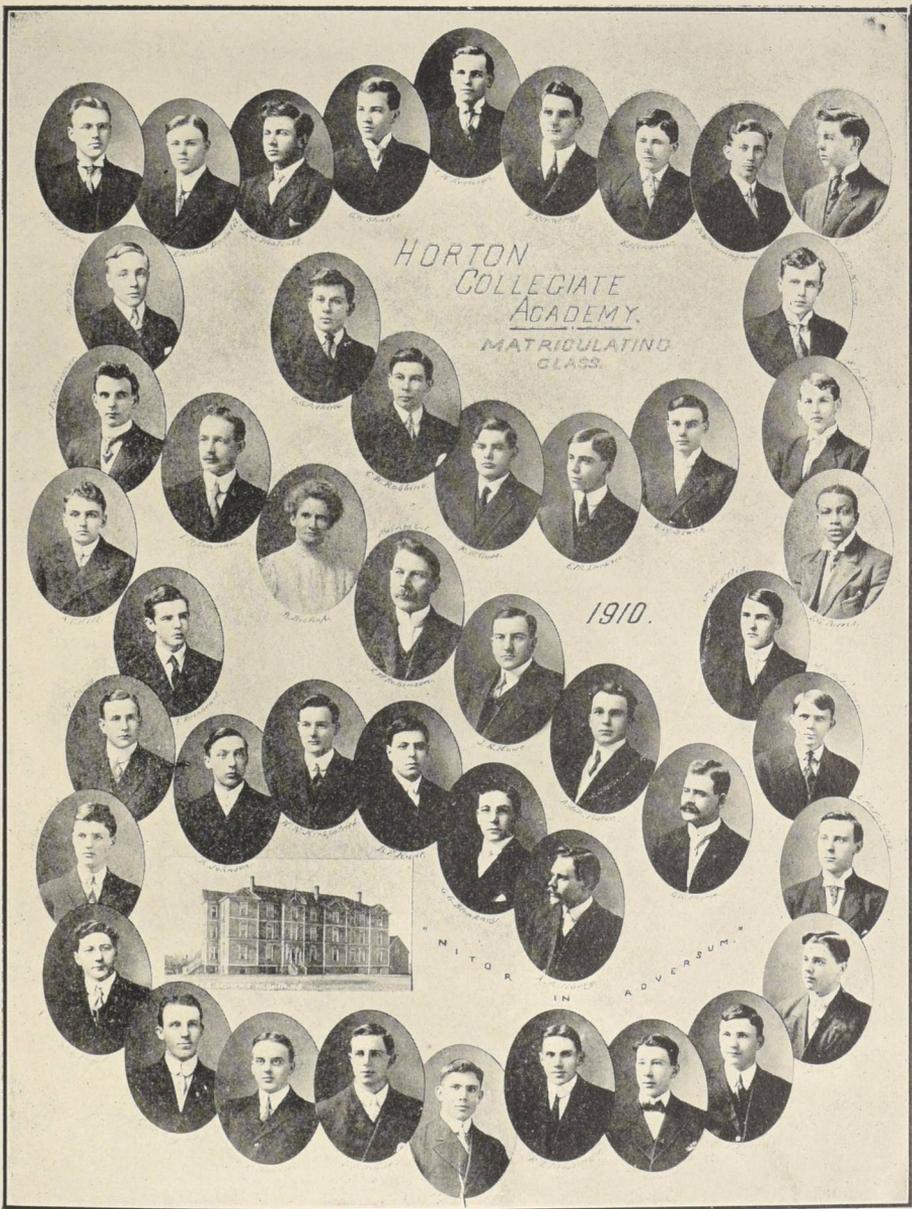
**GENERAL.** We pause for a moment, before laying down the duties which have been ours, to take a retrospect of the year's work. In the class room the work done, has been of the highest standard ; on the campus, "Old Horton" has maintained her own and in every phase of the school life we feel, that success has been hers. The number of students registered this year has exceeded that of any other, being one hundred and twenty-three, and we are assured, that as long as Principal Robinson, stands by the "ship" the Academy ranks *must* swell and nothing but *success* can be hers.

**Y. M. C. A.** The Y. M. C. A. has had a successful year. Perhaps we cannot say, that the attendance has been exceptionally large, but we can say that the spiritual uplift drawn from the meetings of the entire year has been marked. Our President W. H. Freda, represented the Academy at the Y. M. C. A. convention held at Fredericton N. B. It is hoped, that in the coming year all who can will avail themselves of the privilege to attend the annual convention.

During the school year two weekly Bible classes were conducted. One on Sunday morning, under the direction of Mr. Robinson, in which the lives of the different Israelitish Kings were studied, the other on Sunday afternoon, when the book of Acts was studied.

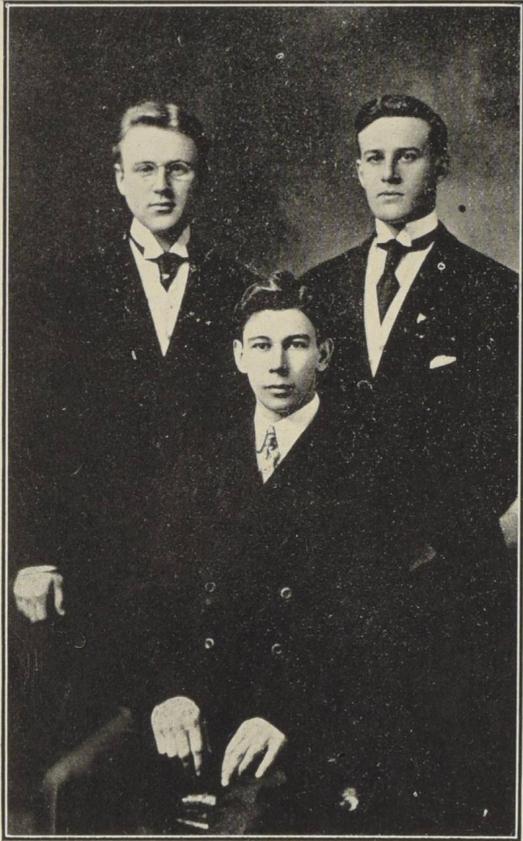
Percy Hamilton has been appointed president for the coming year and W. S. Ryder secretary.

**LYCEUM.** One of the most important features of the Academy life is the society known as the Lyceum. In past years this organization has received a great deal of attention and has been



The Graduating Class of Horton Collegiate Academy

Graham-Wolfville



The Lyceum Department Editors  
(of Horton Academy)

*Graham-Wolfville*

developed to a high standard. Our weekly gatherings have been full of pleasure and helpfulness.

The officers have filled their place in a worthy manner. When called upon to take part in the programme all the members have gladly responded.

Several impromptu debates were held which proved a source of great amusement. Perhaps the most helpful feature of the year was the number of lively debates between different members of the Lyceum which have resulted in much good to those participating.

**ATHLETICS.** This phase of the school life has been most interesting and successful during the year. At the beginning of the fall term an Amateur Athletic Association was formed. This marked an era, as it not only drew the students more closely together, but also gave us a full flowing treasury.

In football, hockey, basket ball and track a fine record was maintained.

The officers for the coming year are as follows: President of the School, S. M. Bleakney; Vice-President, F. F. Fowley; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Ryder; President of the Athletic Association, A. B. Keirstead; Vice-President, W. Kitchen; Secretary-Treasurer, S. M. Bleakney.



### The Closing Exercises.

ON Monday evening May thirtieth an unusually large crowd gathered to witness the Academy Closing. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. G. R. White. After a violin solo, well rendered by Miss Harrington, Percy Eveleigh of Sussex, N. B., delivered an essay on "Leopold and the Congo."

The Class History, Prophecy and Valedictory delivered by Messrs. Hovey, Kirkpatrick, and Freda, respectively, were of a very high order.

After the conferring of prizes and diplomas and a few well-chosen remarks by Principal Robinson, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse addressed the graduating class on, "How to make the most of life." Thus ended the year 1910 in Horton Collegiate Academy.

The following graduated with high Distinction :—Clyde, W. Robbins (who led his class with an average of 90) Ayrton Johnson, Hartley Kirkpatrick, Leigh M. Fielding, Eric MacDonald, Harry Paget, Melvin Kinnie, Eric Reinhardt, Percy Donkin, Herbert Cunningham.

The following graduated with Distinction :—Harry Atkinson, Guy Bleakney, Hugh Cory, Maurice Freda, Percy Murray, Hugh Moore, Ralph Messenger, Frank Porter, Mathew Young, John Meisner, Amos Hovey, Percy Eveleigh, Lawrence Stack.

The following graduated :—Harry Freda, Justin Gates, Eldon Henshaw, Frank Higgins, Ernest Larkin, John Ellis, Robin Goss, Albert Eveleigh, S. J. Robertson, Arthur Hill.

Four graduated from the business class, namely :—  
M. Dimock, Elmer Kennie, Miss Jennie McNutt, E. Mullin.

The prizes for the year's work were awarded as follows :—Clyde W. Robbins, leader of the Senior Class ; B. Duffy, leader of the middle year ; F. Fowley leader of the Junior Class ; The English prize was won by Clyde Sanford, and Leigh M. Fielding ; the leader of the business class was Miss Jennie McNutt ; the book-keeping prize was won by Elmer Kennie ; Miss Elsie Hart won the prize for rapid calculation and Miss Margaret Caldwell that for spelling.





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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

L. V. Margeson, \$1.00; Miss Hazel Chute, \$1.00; E. M. Bleakney, \$1.00; H. B. Fitch, \$1.00; F. S. Nowlan, \$1.30; M. G. McLeod, \$1.30; A. V. Rand, \$8.00; L. Sheehy, \$1.00; Porter Bros. \$1.00; E. O. Temple Piers, \$1.00; C. W. Roscoe, \$1.00; C. R. Higgins, \$1.30; F. E. Corning, \$1.00; J. E. Hales & Co., \$3.00; L. W. Sleep, \$1.00; C. H. Borden, \$4.00; Miss Nellie Pineo, \$1.00; Miss Rita B. Manning, \$1.00; Dr. R. V. Jones, \$1.70; C. E. Reid, \$ .70; Garfield White, \$1.00; E. C. Whitman, \$1.00; Boates & Co., \$2.50; E. C. Young, \$3.00; Miss F. Harris, \$1.75; Dr. A. H. McKay, \$1.00; A. M. Wilson, \$2.60; C. R. Bill \$1.00; Prof. W. A. Coit, \$1.00; G. F. Camp, \$1.00; Miss J. Welton, \$1.25; Miss M. Schaffner, \$1.00; Miss N. MacMahon, \$1.00; Miss N. Hubley, \$1.00; Claude L. Sanderson, \$1.00; T. E. Hutchinson, \$3.00; Rev. A. S. Lewis, \$3.00; C. D. Schurman, \$1.00; Hon. O. T. Daniels, \$1.00; A. J. Woodman, \$1.00; Mrs. J. E. Fowler, \$3.00; Dr. Bowles, \$1.00; Dr. A. D. Barss, \$1.00; Dr. E. F. Moore, \$2.00; Wolfville Decorating Co., \$1.75; R. D. Miller, \$2.00; Miss G. Fullerton, \$1.00; J. H. Barss, \$4.00; F. E. Mallory, \$ .70; W. A. Freeman, \$4.00; W. E. Prisk, \$1.00; A. DeW. Foster, \$1.00; Miss D. Crowell, \$1.00; Miss M. Jenkins, \$1.00; Henry Leopold, \$3.00; A. C. March, \$1.00; Miss Etta Yuill, \$1.00; L. W. Black, \$1.00. G. R. Bancroft, \$1.00; A. H. Chute, \$3.00; Dr. McKenna, \$2.75; Wm. Regan, \$3.00; E. W. Bigelow, \$1.00; J. M. Shaw, \$3.00 J. D. Chambers, \$3.00; Surveying Class, \$4.50; P. M. Hamilton, \$1; D. Spidle, \$1.00; G. Walker, \$1.00; C. Knowles, \$1 00; Miss M. Starratt, \$1.00; Miss M. Herkins, \$1.00; J. E. Brown, \$1.00; Horton Academy, \$17.50; J. F. Herbin, \$3.00; G. A. Crozier, \$4.00; Miss Helen Carson, \$1.00; Miss Gertrude Philps, \$1.00; Miss Annie Chambers, \$1.00; Miss Hattie Longard, \$1.00; Miss Edith Butcher, \$1.00; Miss Fay Jenks, \$1.00; Miss Bessie Budd, \$1.00; Miss Blanche Proctor, \$1.00; Miss Edith Spurr, \$1.00; Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, \$1.00; Rev. W. L. Archibald, \$1.00; Frank L. Woodman, \$1.00; W. K. Tibert, \$1.00; Miss A. A. Eaton, \$1.00; Class of 1910, \$10.00; Class of 1912, \$5.00; L. Ackland, \$1.30; J. Geldart, \$1.30.

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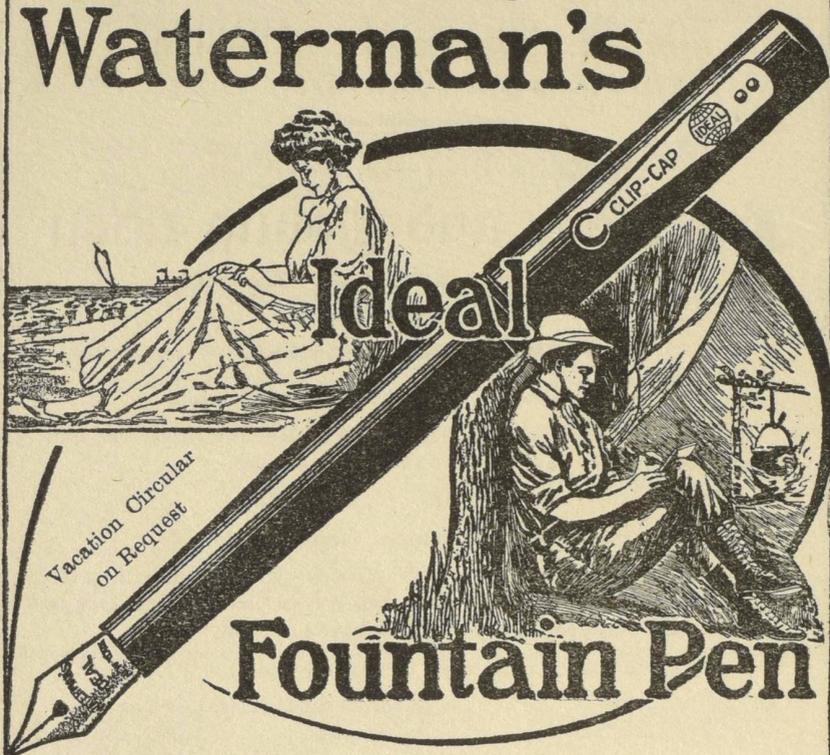
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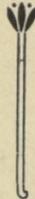
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